The Universalist Leader

A Journal of Tomorrow

Boston and Chicago

July 9, 1921

The Test of Love

Love is the filling from one's own
  Another's cup;
Love is the daily laying down
  And taking up;
A choosing of the stony path
  Through each new day,
That other feet may tread at ease
  The smoother way.
Love is not blind, but looks abroad
  Through other eyes,
And asks not, "What must I give?"
  But, "May I sacrifice?"
Love hides its grief, that other hearts
  And lips may sing,
And burdened walks, that other lives
  May buoyant wing.
Sinner, hast thou a love like this
  Within thy soul?
'Twill change thy name to saint
  Ere thou hast reached thy goal.

Pauline F. Camp.

Universalism, the Inevitable Religion of Tomorrow

The Universalist Leader

Continuing the CHRISTIAN LEADER and its predecessors (1819-1897), the UNIVERSALIST and its predecessors (1827 to 1897), and the GOSPEL BANNER (1835 to 1897).

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—*From an Editorial in the Leader.*

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Μιγμα

It might help some to omit from histories the portraits of victorious generals and print pictures of wounded privates instead. (*Akron Beacon-Journal.*)

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The International Harvester Company, which has twenty-six plants in the United States and Canada, and forty thousand employees, considers it sound business policy to make provision for its workers. If an employee has worked for the company twenty or more years and has reached the age of fifty-five, he is entitled to a pension of thirty dollars a month. The company also provides its men with a thrift and savings plan, allows extra compensation, and admits to stock-ownership. The executive officers have learned that community of interest between employer and employee is the best method to augment production. (*The Christian Register.*)

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Supposing that we could save one-half of the three hundred thousand babies that we lose every year, and suppose that another one hundred and fifty thousand who do not die, but who live sickly and defective, were also raised to strong and healthy and normal man and womanhood. Do you realize that this country would be the richer, in ten years, by three million native-born citizens? Value these children as you will—and a colored baby used to sell in this country for three or four hundred dollars—you have something worth saving. Weigh them in the truer scale of a proud and happy motherhood, that does not know grief and fear and pain, and we enter upon high finance indeed. (*Kathleen Norris.*)

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Big politics, more than big business, is the immediate and common problem which we have to face. Politics is the gateway to everything government has to offer or to withhold from the people. . . . No economic theory, nor moral idea, can become a reality except through the instrumentality of politics. And that is the only legitimate function that politics has—to serve as the agency for the application of economic and moral principles to the life of the people. Politics should be only the means to that end; but modern political organization has become an end in itself. . . . Politics, the servant, the incidental thing, has grown so great as to overshadow and subordinate all else in government. The problem is to demote politics from principal to agent in government. (*Lynn Haines in Your Congress.*)

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ESSENTIAL PRINCIPLES OF THE UNIVERSALIST FAITH

1. The Universal Fatherhood of God.
2. The Spiritual Authority and leadership of His Son, Jesus Christ.
3. The trustworthiness of the Bible as containing a revelation from God.
4. The certainty of just retribution for sin.
5. The final harmony of all souls with God.

Neither this nor any other precise form of words is required as a condition of fellowship, provided the abo e principles be professed.

Editorial

Many a promising mission field has become a no-man's land through neglect.

* *

It is curious, and sad, that those who plead loudest for co-operation are most reluctant to get into the game.

* *

Only when the individual begins to think in community terms can he hope for a vision of a whole individual.

* *

There is some mighty poor preaching in the most costly churches and some very good preaching from a soap-box in the park.

* *

It is a strange quality of the human mind that the more liberal it becomes the narrower it is. We all have need to think on this.

* *

Co-operation under the whip of the Egyptian task-masters built the great Pyramids; co-operation under Jesus built the greater man.

* *

Pretty generally the duel between individuals has become of bad repute. How long before we shall bar the duel between nations as disreputable?

* *

Conventional lying is said to oil the machinery of society so it will run smoothly, but in the end it proves to be but wet sand which destroys the bearings.

* *

Poor in cash, but rich in charity; poor in things, but rich in thought; poor in lucre, but rich in love! Riches grow in the back alley as truly as in financial centers.

* *

The Women Voters

The votes of the women are not only going to count by the numbers cast on election day, but there are signs that they are going to figure as important factors in determining the choice of candidates and the character of platforms. That is, the dyed-in-the wool politician is going to think twice or many times, in choosing the candidate he wants to put over, as to what the women think of him as a man, and also think many times before he omits from his platform the endorsement of the elemental principles of good government. He may laugh at them, and even say they are only platform promises and mean nothing, but he will be too shrewd a politician to omit them. It is not a matter of judgment, for the experience is too brief to furnish a basis of judgment, but it is instinctive to assume that the women will be on the right and decent side of things. They are less party-hampered and with them the independent vote, which has always been a check on corruption, has been multiplied to efficiency.

The Chief Factor in Our Future

Speaking of the young people of his Church, the editor of the *Congregationalist* says, "they need to be denominationalized." There is absolutely nothing sectarian in this statement, for the editor is too big to be small enough to be sectarian! He recognizes as the chief factor in the all round work they wish to do the young people, but they are not sufficiently geared into the machinery of the Church to be efficient. He notes that various organizations for the young are flourishing, but still the congregations are made up of middle-aged and elderly people, and they bear the brunt of the load in maintaining the churches. "We have yet to capture a large supply of youthful enthusiasm and make it available for the tasks of the local church and of the broader kingdom." All this is of real interest to us in view of the National Convention of our Young People, at Chicago next week. There will be just time after reading this to start off some of our boys and girls to this "training school" for church workers, and all of the ministers and some of the old people who need a large supply of youthful enthusiasm.

Don't Worry, But Go to Work

Too many are prone to be disconsolate over the decline of the Church, and in many local instances there is no doubt about the decline if we are to judge by the attendance upon the regular services, or the financial income. Conditions in hundreds of churches in small places are discouraging, but the Christian Church is to be judged by the aggregate and intensive results. With the slump in one place there is a gain in another; if the pulpit is not reaching as many hearers as before, the big auxiliary of the pulpit, the press, is reaching many more. And now come the census returns, governed by cold figures, not fancy, and be-

hold, the present church membership in our country includes 45,000,000, which is a pretty fair percentage of the population, and marks an increase in the last twenty-five years of nearly one hundred per cent. The Church is not declining, but it is changing. Church membership has a new and larger meaning, and the Church is rendering a new and larger service. Its chief danger to-day is from those who worry and will not work. If the 45,000,000 would only realize what their membership means and try it out in actual life, they would control all public interests, and we should be on the way to the desired goal, a Christian civilization.

Stop Lynching

Many of our states are doing well in passing stringent laws to prevent and punish lynching, but this is a national evil and must be dealt with through national laws. No general evil can be covered by district laws. It was not possible to give a fair trial to prohibition in any one state as long as neighboring states were unsympathetic or antagonistic. This black hand of barbarism touches every section of our country; if in some places there seems to be freedom from the crime, nevertheless the shame of it reaches every one of us. The responsible parties must be reached, and Minnesota has put its hand upon them, when it holds the county in which the crime is committed to the penalty of many thousands of dollars, which will tend to make that county look after its own. Of course there are many good citizens in that county entirely innocent of active participation, but they are to be held responsible with others. The bad boy may do many things of which his parents do not approve, but the way to get the bad boy effectually, and not unjustly, is to get the parents. There are many phases of this evil, and it is time for the nation to put a stop to it.

* * *

THE NEED IS STILL GREAT

WE are aware that the people, especially the children, of the stricken countries of Europe, are suffering for food and clothing, yet we do not realize it sufficiently to put our shoulders to the wheel and help. In a letter to the American Red Cross, Secretary of Commerce Hoover gives his whole-hearted support to its program for undertaking, through its Volunteer Service in the United States, the production of garments to clothe hundreds of thousands of the underclothed children of Europe, who are daily suffering from exposure and the diseases that follow. In addition to the vast quantities of garments needed for men, women and children, it is estimated that one million babies will be born in Central and Eastern Europe this summer, whose mothers will have nothing with which to clothe them.

"Whatever America can do to alleviate this condition," said Mr. Hoover, "will be but another splendid example of her desire to relieve real suffering wherever it may be found." What America can do depends upon her individuals, each and every one of us. This is not so much another call for money, as a call for the work of our hands. American women should give up their fancy work and embroidery, and yes, if necessary, let their own fine clothes go unmended for a time, while they use their needles to help in this work of relief. Visit your local Red Cross Chapter, and find out what you can do to help the most.

* *

THE DAWN

IT is not very light at the dawn, but the promise of the day is glorious. It was not a very big institute, as institutes go, which was staged at Tufts College by the various organizations of our Church immediately following Commencement, but there were features which give much encouragement to those of the forward look. The college as the host made it possible for those interested to enjoy the companionship which is so large a factor in all church enterprises, and the committee of arrangements was well organized and provided, through lectures and class room exercises, for instruction and inspiration. Those who came found ample compensation for their effort, not only in the formal exercises, but in the marvelous beauty of "The Hill," and there was the suggestion that in some way the long summer vacation of the college should be utilized by placing the wonderful resources of the place at the disposal of the religious, social and educational interests.

A start was made last year which gave much promise. The work this year was better systematized and led up to the fitting climax on Saturday and Sunday nights, when great speakers who believe in Missions, because they have learned through experience, commanded enthusiasm. We can not commend too highly the work of the different organizations in bringing together the women, the men and the young people and tuning their spirits to the new day which is dawning for our Church.

With similar Institutes established in other sections of the country we shall develop the missionary spirit and impulse with wise methods and adequate support that will set us far along the road to larger fields of opportunity for our larger faith.

And this is the open road. We have been shy of missionary work, feeling that it was sectarian in its object, but there is the dawning of a new light in which we see that the ultimate object is beyond the machinery, in the product of human uplift and service. The whole Christian world is seeing that the kingdom of heaven which it seeks is the redemption of mankind, and the establishing of heavenly relations right here in this world.

Here is an object of missions, which, while it satisfies the ineradicable longings of the human soul for that which the future holds, catches anew the purpose and promise of the Master himself to establish his kingdom here. Here is a work worthy of the finest and strongest organization which will make for efficiency, and command our personal support. Here we are at the beginning of our mission as a Church and not at the end. At the dawn and not at the sunset.

The great principles which we have gathered out of the Christian religion, which the ages have clarified and confirmed, are to be, must be, the chief factors in world reconstruction, and we are to do our part in giving them to the world, and the way is through missionary endeavor, upon which we are to enter with a trained body of workers. And the Institute just held is a first step.

A Gospel for an Age of Disillusion*

The Rev. Henry B. Taylor

"And they that shall be of thee shall build the old waste places; thou shalt raise up the foundations of many generations; and thou shalt be called the repairer of the breach, the restorer of paths to dwell in."—Isaiah 58 : 12.

ANY attempt to characterize an epoch must fall short of complete success. The Dark Ages were not altogether black. Ages of doubt have mighty currents of faith. In all epochs, our own and the one now closing included, there have been multitudes with unclouded vision who have bent no knee to Baal, who have perceived that the spiritual is the one enduring foundation for the well-being of mankind.

But may we not claim that an outstanding feature of the time to which we have now come is disillusion? Have we not, at the least, reasons for disillusion concerning the buoyant, if not blatant, confidence which we cherished in things, in material science and the response to self-interest, as world redeemers? Out of these was to be reared a tower to conquer heaven—and the earth—especially the earth.

As men builded they congratulated themselves that at last something solid and substantial was rising, built by sensible and practical men. Learned men erupted volumes on the subject, and many features of the tower were highly praised by press and, alas, by pulpit as well. But that nation which had been most successful in this sort of building got the most flattering attention. Fond fathers repined when they could not send their sons to Germany, but repaired the lack by large importations of German materialism to do service in the stead of old-fashioned idealism.

A reeling world has brought down Babel, even though multitudes are planning to rebuild in the old way and of the same materials—with no spiritualistic nonsense in the heads of the builders.

Our shibboleths of yesterday mock us. Hollow sound the phrases that were, the other day, law and gospel to "progressive and practical" men.

What has become of our over confidence in the science of things that can be handled or weighed or measured? We said, "Redemption is to be found in machines, railways, telegraphs, electric lights, cables and wireless, fulfilling the boast of Puck 'to put a girdle round the world in forty minutes.' " Why not? War, horror, starvation, in a world as useful and intimate as these means have made it? Impossible! Only it wasn't. Certain politicians were sure—or pretended to be—that if factories and lands and palaces and gold could be taken away from those who had them and given to those who had them not, the millennium would be ushered in. There's Russia!

Inevitably, there had to be another God. Eyes dazzled with so many inventions, such perfectly trained armies and so many piled up *things*, and the prospect of more to be had, could not be expected to rest satisfied with the One who is "without variableness, neither shadow made by changing." "The God of the whole earth shall He be called." So they "elected" another, so that the business of Babel might get on, its workers untroubled by scruples that the unseen is real. They said the last name of the "God of things as they are" is Selfishness. What, that fiend, that father of lies and confusion, that source of all wickedness? Not the same, quite another branch of the family. His name is "Enlightened Selfishness."

So! Another cloak, another manacle, but underneath the claws! And the same voice.

Do you sell? He whispers in your ear: "Get! get! get! Give the least that you must; get all that you can. What else are you in business for?" Do you produce? "Shirk when you can. Slight when it seems safe. Weave in the rotten threads so long as you can get away with it. Money and ease for yourself is the first consideration." Do they call you a statesman? "Then don't leave off when you have put your country or your party in the first place, make them the whole consideration. Repeat often: "This mighty nation is self-sufficient. Then people will be sure you are a patriot. Reiterate that the sure way to prevent war is to build a hedge of glittering bayonets around your nation; pile up mountains of armament; make other nations afraid and there will be no wars. Get, get! That is the true grandeur of a nation. The wisdom of a nation is to be suspicious of everybody. Never forget and never forgive."

Amid the waste places made by war may be heard the echo of hideous laughter as of one who mocks.

When decay eats up the golden grain though millions are hungry and would turn it into wholesome bread, one wonders if supply and demand is the all of trade.

When the house of labor and capital, so far from being the home of wedded bliss, is the place of brawling, and strikes have the effect of civil wars, some can not but think of imperfections in a scheme that leaves a large public out of consideration.

When cunning is being paid with contempt, and the edge of husbandry grows very dull and loss crowds profit out, there does seem to be something besides vaporing in the idea of service and honor first.

When ill-gotten gain buys everything but self-respect and heart's content, some will hunger for what does not turn to ashes and gall beneath the tongue.

When old wars breed new and the gashed world opens new seams, some do pause to say: "Now let me think."

Quite true, not all are disenthralled, for multitudes go after the "prophets of smooth things" who advocate about everything but the difficult way of him who says: "A whole I planned." These prate of the failure of the religion of the Nazarene, like the idiot who threw his medicine away and then said the doctor failed. Come now! does the sick world ail because of too much co-operation, too much good will, too much disinterested service?

But with all deductions, it seems to me a long

*The Occasional Sermon at the Connecticut Convention.

time since so many were open to the consideration of a religion adequate to the needs of a time of disillusion. Such a religion is not required to furnish all the means for reconstruction, but it can brace the will that will seek and find them.

A primary lesson for the age of disillusion is the certainty of just retribution to all sin. For eyes that see, the prophetic word, "Though hand join to hand the wicked shall not go unpunished," has its thousand illustrations in our own day. It is good news that the powers of the universe work against evil. Dr. Theodore Munger well calls it the devastating mistake of ages of imperfect faith that it has deferred the operation of the law of retribution to some other sphere or to the end of the world. It is working here and makes no exception of proud or strong or rich. The law of sowing and reaping, penalty growing on the same stalk with transgression, is as operative to-day as on any day in eternity, and will be operative so long as sin endures in this or another world.

Our learned and eloquent Dr. Newton has well pointed out how Jesus revised the older story of the Prodigal Son. In the older story the returning transgressor got a horsewhipping from his irate parent. Jesus said the father kissed the repentant Prodigal. A fine touch and true. But he who spoke the truth uses the same parable to illustrate the inevitable and just penalty that falls upon outraged law. See how waste breeds want, selfishness leads to friendlessness, playing the hog to husks. The Prodigal may gallop into the Far Country, but, because of what he rioted away, he must limp back over the weary miles that lead to his father's house. Jesus wrote hatred and caprice out of the old hard law; he spoke of the forgiveness of sins. He came to send sin away, but neither he nor any true scripture of the Bible or out of it ever promised the remission of penalty. Penalty grows on the same stalk with the sin. This is not the denial of the Infinite Love; it is its affirmation. For, as Dr. John Coleman Adams profoundly says, "Love may use any measure of severity consistent with its purpose to redeem."

When some one asked Rudyard Kipling about his religion, Kipling replied: "I know there is One who gives us our licks." That is far from being all of a sound religion, but it is quite a start.

Well will it be if an age disillusioned as to power to overcome the moral law remembers so much. For it is decreed that there is no cunning so complete, no device so subtle, no defense so strong, that nation or institution or individual can escape the just consequences of transgressions against mercy and justice, purity, truth and brotherhood.

A world that has stumbled in darkness requires light from the revelation contained in the Bible. Mr. H. G. Wells, seeking ways for mending a broken world, pays tribute to the essential contribution of the Bible to forward movements of mankind. I need hardly point out that his proposal for a new Bible really means a fuller commentary than has yet appeared upon the Book of God's way with man. Perhaps he means an extension of it. Good luck to the endeavor. God has not ceased speaking. The saints are not extinct and we are still pelting real prophets with hard words or seeking to besmirch their reputations with pretty much the same filth that has done disservice since Julius Caesar or before.

But vastly more than we need the commentary is the need to learn, by mind and heart and deeds, the essentials for the soul from its one universal Book. Give due credit to criticism, make deductions for errors, discriminate, but lay hold upon its truths and there shall be more mighty men amongst us equal to problems of this time. What folly to disregard the deep, deep experiences of centuries!

Would we go on tumbling into charted pits if jazzed wills and moving picture minds had not made the Bible distasteful? Would the plague of provincialism be upon us had we walked with open eyes in humanity's highway which the Book of Books is? What type of experience or man is missing from these pages? The atmosphere of the Book is as of winds that blow around the world. In it one finds the spiritual laws as stable as gravitation, and as varied in application.

To it the wise will repair always for God's way with the soul yesterdays and to-day and to-morrows beyond our ken. No problem now confronting us but may take light from out the unexhausted Bible—old as the heart of man, new as our need.

The age needs a vision of the Universal Father, the God of Jesus. We are accustomed to speak of monotheism as very ancient. I wonder if it may not be more modern than we are. I wonder, that is, whether the conception may not lie in the future for the great mass of mankind. Of course we are not finding fault with formal speech. The rhetoric that prophesies the day when our eyes shall be lightened to perceive the Universal One is full of sounding phrases altogether lovely. But how many really worship, or want to worship, the Father who recognizes no hemispheres but claims the whole round world as His and refuses to separate His family according to the barriers we have built?

Do not be mistaken, the gods of the many are proclaimed in casual speech and still more in acts. God of saints but not of sinners; god of my friends but not of the enemies I hate and despise; god of white men, but not of yellow ones; god of Sabbath—but not of business! "These be thy gods, O Israel!"

When the Great God comes the lesser gods of caste, mean little gods, war gods, distant, mechanical, indifferent gods, must go. And His name shall be Love—Universal Father. His temple shall be full of light and He shall conquer as the Sun in the fable by glory of His appearing.

In the hubbub of conflicting claims, theological and otherwise, there is need of a spiritual authority who may be trusted and followed as leader supreme.

The disillusioned are sore with bruises got in following wandering lights and false leaders. They are impatient of the remote and non-essential and, let it be said, of timid churches that fail to live up to pretensions. They seek a solid way that will not change into a quaking quagmire. They require a tested guide.

The Son of Man is ready for the test.

He asks no more than "Believe me for my very work's sake." The task is not to recover him but to overtake him who has progressed beyond most progressives and is liberal beyond most liberals.

Wherein has he failed where he has been truly

tried? The question is too great in its implications to be rightly answered. But I do not fear the test. The greatest amongst us is the servant of all of us. The chief of us was the meekest and likest to him. Watterson was speaking of Abraham Lincoln when he said: "He was the greatest human of all time, the gentlest memory of our world." We have prevented a hundred wars by following Christ's method for the settlement of differences. Yet we do not know whether to call civilization pagan or Christian, so fearful have we been fully to trust him. Neither business nor government is fully his although he has blessed both where his way has been tried.

His Church (even in its imperfections most useful of institutions on earth) does not forsake all else to follow him, but stands afar off, troubled about many things remote from his simplicity. When will he be her final spiritual authority, her real leader and her true head? When will she imitate him in the omission of those dogmas which he omitted but which have been the ground of most persecutions, exclusions and bitter quarrels? The disillusioned want to know.

I wonder if he is not a little worn with sob addresses about the broken body of Christ that end by naming grounds for Christian fellowhip he never mentioned —unless to condemn.

When the denominations agree to insist upon no doctrines, ceremonials, forms of church government that Jesus did not require for Christian co-operation, we shall have effective unity and no surrender of essential freedom in worship, government or thought.

We may spare genius for metaphysics until we learn his genius for self-sacrifice for love's sake. We shall be wiser and stronger when we are content to learn (and unlearn) "at the feet of Jesus in the school of fishermen."

Two peasants stood before the "Descent from the Cross" in the Cathedral of Antwerp. "Come," said one, "let us be going." "No," said the other, "not until they get him down." And so I say: "Not until they get him down into our homes and into our hearts, on to our streets and into our shops, into all the affairs and business of life. Not until the kingdoms of this world become the kingdoms of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ ought those who call him Lord to be satisfied."

Finally, an age of disillusion needs to be taught that all who march under the banners of righteousness march to ultimate victory.

That these times do not trust in the final triumph of what Jesus called good is evident enough. If it were otherwise, where were the confidence in greed that is often "a thief and a murderer," in the diplomacy of lies, in property rights at the expense of human rights, in punishment that dehumanizes, in caste that separates, in sensual indulgence that dulls and blinds?

But to some of you the promise of the Master that he would draw all men unto himself is true prophecy. And the logic of the final and complete victory of Jesus is his supreme worth now. Sometimes you have felt the immediacy of last things. Sometimes you have heard music as of angels, singing the song Walt Whitman says for them:

"O glad, exulting, culminating song!
A vigor more than earth's is in thy notes.
Marches of victory, man disenthralled, the conqueror at last;
Hymns to the Universal God from univeral man—all joy!
A reborn race appears, a perfect world—all joy!
War, sorrow, suffering gone, the rank earth purged—nothing but joy left!
Joy! Joy! in freedom, worship, love!—joy in the ecstasy of life!"

Then what responsibility to spread the good news! What ministers ought all of us to be! What good stewards of the mysteries and miracles of good will.

Out of the wreck and the darkness come the confused voices of those who have seen Babel fall.

You who have attained to the confidence of those who believe "however it may seem no good thing is failure and no evil thing success" are called to lighten the night and help to build the old waste places on secure foundations.

What labor!

What reward!

Editorial Correspondence

From Nowhere in Particular

A FRONT porch in New England may be exactly like a front porch in Florida so far as the materials from which it is constructed are concerned; there are just as many Georgia pine floors in the North as there are Michigan maple floors in the South. We walk on the American wherever we walk, and feel as much at home now on one as on the other. And there may be similarity of design in these porches, though the snows of New England and the Spanish atmosphere of Florida may determine whether the roof be steep or flat. But when one sits in comfort on the New England porch in the early summer, after sitting in comfort on a Florida porch all winter, he realizes that there is a difference, and the wise man will not say which is better!

There is luxuriant vegetation in both places, but as different as two races of people. Here I am sitting and looking into the deeps of the cool, soft, pulsing green of the elm and ash and maple and apple, all reaching out their generous arms as if inviting to a plunge into their bosoms, rising from smooth emerald carpets which are renewed every spring, but I can not remember Florida as a place of green. There is green there to be sure, but so mingled with warm reds, and glowing yellows, and gentle browns, that the impression as a whole is of a state of golden bronze, shot through with streaks of crimson as the cardinal bird flashes by. There is water in New England. There used to be visible from my porch a little lake—common materialized people call it a reservoir, but to me it is a lake—but civilization and public improvements came grinding along and built a schoolhouse and cut off my view of water, save when it rains. But there is real water in New England and all along one ragged

edge of it, fresh water lakes and rivers and salt water ocean, and they function in the scenery as water always does, but they lack color. As you get down to South Florida you come to look upon or sail through water rainbows; the Bay Biscayne, which I could look out upon from my front porch, was a veritable phantasmagoria; I early named it the Bay of a Thousand Hues, and did not exaggerate. From the rising till the setting of the sun, with every changing angle at which its light falls on the bay, there is a new tint, and one has a sense that he is looking upon a gigantic liquid opal, and needs but dip a bucket into its depths to be rich.

I was musing in this way when the Professor came along. Now, the Professor is New Englandish to the backbone, a Pilgrim descendant, a Son of the American Revolution, and eats beans Saturday nights for supper and codfish cakes Sunday mornings for breakfast. He also has an automobile and a kind heart. When he heard me rhapsodizing about the beauties of Florida, he was peeved, and said, "You haven't anything down there that can beat what we have right around here," and with violence, not too much violence but just enough, he thrust me into his machine, defied Florida and all the other states with a raucous horn, and we were off down the hill. That is one peculiarity of New England, you always go down hill excepting when you go up—so you can go down! When they wish to build a tennis court here they have to level down a hill or level up a valley, and then people go long distances to the court, not to play tennis, but to see a level spot, "one of the greatest engineering feats of the country." In one town, at least, if the baby falls out of the back window the people have to telephone to the people in the next street to rescue the child from off their roof!

As we drove along through quick shifting scenes, it began to appear that the hills are the glory of this land, surpassed in beauty only by the valleys lying between, covered as they were at this season with the promising gardens, where good things crowd close upon each other, and then we plunged, literally plunged, by a quick turn into the heart of a glorious forest where the shadows gathered over us as the northern twilight at the close of day. How cool and refreshing the air, full of the fragrance of pine and fir, and still as a deserted cloister! Then the Professor asked quietly, "Have you anything in Florida to beat this?" and I thought of those long avenues of palms waving their long fronds to almost touch our faces, of the magnificent royal palms standing like sentinels all along the way, and then of the long rows of lace-like Australian pines which arch the road for miles, and I thought beauty has no solitary abiding place. And then we came to the head of a long valley, as we call it here; in Nevada it would be a canyon, in California an arroyo, in the Northwest a coolee, but here it was a long, sweet, restful valley stretching down through the deep shadows. And as we looked, behold, there was a miracle, for the sunlight, finding an opening through the thick trees, poured a tidal-wave of liquid gold, which rolled down the side, rushed up the other side and returned on itself, until the whole valley was a lake of shimmering, pulsing, dancing light, before which the shadows fled away. Still on to another point, where we could look across the hillside beyond, and there we sat in silence. That hillside, clothed thick with small trees with their dark green foliage, at first seemed to have received the downward rush of a snow glacier; over and through and under the current of white seemed to have swept until the whole area was a pile of glistening snow through which the trees lifted their faces to laugh. Still another thought came, that here had come some giant Spanish senorita, and thrown her white lace mantilla across the tree tops till it fell down through the interstices of the trees to the shoulders of mother earth. I knew, because I was brought up in the country in the North, that it was only the dogwood blossoms at their best. The Professor said, "There!" and that was all, and I knew he was a poet as well as a professor, and could see the things hidden from the wise and prudent.

Out from the forests over roads as good as those of Miami, and wide enough for comfort—we came to country homes, some of them as beautiful and costly as those in Southern Florida, but different. People here still cling to some touch of the old colonial style, just as in the extreme South the influence of Spanish architecture keeps its compelling hand upon the cottage and the castle. Climatic conditions have no doubt much to do with the type of house we build to live in, and thus we get variety of habitation, but after all, that big house on the hill surrounded by stately elms, and made impervious to the cold blasts of winter, and that little wooden cottage just down the street, and that magnificent stucco castle on the bay front, with its palm trees to shelter it from the sun, and opening to catch every cooling breeze—and the tin bungalow nestling in an orange grove—with all their differences, are the homes of people and in their essential elements are all alike. North and South we are all alike, and yet we scrap over which is better. If the neighbor's house is a little finer than mine, instead of my rejoicing because he has contributed something to life, I envy him his stately mansion and begin to pick flaws in my comfortable cottage. There must be different ways of living, all of which means larger life in the aggregate, but instead of seeing this we criticise each other, and can see no good save our good, and know no way save our way. New England is made up of variety—variety in the contour of the country, in the weather, and in the people, variety in methods, variety in foods. And the same thing holds in every particular section of the United States, and out of this diversity comes the perfect unity of our great country.

Meanwhile, as I was musing the Professor and the Poet was driving me through the New England springtime, than which there is, I am eager to admit, nothing more beautiful in the world. Down in Florida there are twelve growing months, here four and a half and in some places five. Down South there is no sudden change; there is a time when the royal poinciana is in bloom and another when it is not; there is a time when the grape-fruit is at its best (and is promptly shipped north!), but all the year round there are buds forming, flowers unfolding, fruits ripening; it is a way they have down there. Up north things happen with startling suddenness; the winter grips with harsh grasp and pinches the life out of everything for several months, and then lets go, and

in a few days the miracle of the resurrection is wrought, and the dead world bursts into life, and with quick changes come summer's glory and autumn's harvest. It is no wonder that the New England people are fond of New England. It is different, and its difference is its glory. Its hardships, and there are many, have been a big factor in producing its finest product, the New England man, who has gone into the West and South, and, in so far as he has adapted his peculiar talents, he has made good himself and made the country better.

But New England is old as compared to the rest of our country, she has made history in the past and preserved it in the present. Florida as we know it, and especially Southern Florida, apart from a few historic spots, is new; it is in the making. Miami is only a quarter of a century old, and is growing so fast it might take the mushroom for its trade mark, if the mushroom were only stable enough to mark other qualities in the city life. Miami will have a history when it is as old as New England, because the New England spirit is helping to make it.

The South wants some of the rigor and snap and ginger of New England, and New England wants a little of the softness and gentle-mannered spirit of the South. Both need to raise more flowers and not less of beets and turnips; both need a less rigid theology and more of the simple religion of the Master.

Just then we drew up at my gate and the Poet-professor remarked that if I was going to preach I would better get out, which I did.

F. A. B.

Following the General Superintendent

The Rev. John Smith Lowe, D. D.

THE "Tour of Vision" in Washington, D. C., described in my recent article, was followed by a short trip into Brother Bishop's territory in the Southland, for the purpose of a conference with the Southern Superintendent and the Advisory Board with which he works. I found that progress was being made. A new movement was in prospect in the city of Birmingham which has since been consummated. Mrs. Bishop, following up the good work of her husband, had organized a Mission Circle in Chapman and a second one in Montgomery, where the Southern Superintendent lives. In Atlanta, Georgia, a conference was held with the trustees of the State Convention which revealed Brother Strain, the Georgia Superintendent, engaged in aggressive work which has since resulted in two new church societies in thriving cities.

On my way back North I visited our churches at Towanda, Standing Stone and Sheshequin, Pennsylvania. The Rev. J. D. Herrick is the Towanda minister. He is on his eighth year in the Towanda parish and from the first he has gone the extra mile, preaching in the Standing Stone and Sheshequin churches on alternate Sundays in the afternoon. He has shown himself a workman approved of God and of man as well, who does not need to be ashamed. The Towanda parish is a delight and an inspiration. The men are numerous and active. It was a capacity congregation that greeted me Sunday morning. In the afternoon I preached in the Sheshequin church seven miles up the Susquehanna Valley—which by the way is one of the most picturesque and beautiful in America—and in the evening I occupied the pulpit in the Standing Stone church nine miles down the valley from Towanda. It was a busy day, but one filled with delightful experiences. The Sunday school in this church has not missed a session for over fifty years. Credit for this remarkable record is largely due the Storrs sisters, who were in California at the time of my visit.

Shortly after my return from the South I was privileged to enjoy a rather unique pleasure in the form of a trip westward with the National Secretary of our new Order of Universalist Comrades, Mr. F. C. Carr. The pleasure was unique because we were associated in the Church of the Mediator in Providence when he was one of my devoted laymen. When I first went to Providence my attention was attracted to a man who appeared to be a stranger in the audience. I sought him out and pushed him into a most important overworked office. He responded, took the job assigned, did wonders with it, and, best of all, still holds the position. The stranger was Mr. Carr. Now he is working in the denominational harness.

The object of the trip, which was of necessity planned in a hurry, was to acquaint the men of the Church with the spirit and purpose of the Comrades, and to do some preliminary work. It was a strenuous trip, during which we visited in rapid succession Detroit, Chicago, Oak Park, Minneapolis, Columbus, Buffalo, and Lockport. It was a new experience for Mr. Carr, new in the sense that he went to sections he had never seen before and new in the sense that he is inexperienced, as we all are, in the work he was attempting, but wherever he spoke he left behind him the distinct impression of a layman consecrated to the service of his Church and a clear idea of a few important things, at least, which the Comrades are called upon to do.

As a result of the trip one state chapter was organized in Illinois, another in Ohio, and several local chapters were formed, while many individual memberships were secured. Incidentally Mr. Carr had the time of his life, and I had the companionship of a Comrade for whom I have a deep and abiding love and to whom the Church owes much.

On May 29 I had the pleasure of helping Dr. Theodore Fischer and his good people celebrate the 85th anniversary of the First Universalist Church of New Haven, Conn. On this occasion Mrs. Lowe and Jack accompanied me, and we made the trip by auto. On Saturday evening a reception was held in the vestry of the church, at which Dr. Fischer read a brief but most interesting history of the parish. Sunday morning I preached the occasional sermon before a splendid audience. Dr. Fischer has been the minister of the New Haven Church for over fourteen years, and he could, to the entire satisfaction of his congregation, continue as its minister for forty years

longer. It falls to the lot of few ministers to win and hold the place in the esteem and affections of his own people and in the mind of the public generally that Dr. Fischer has achieved and maintained. He is not only a thoughtful preacher who knows how to instruct as he inspires his hearers, but he is a wonderful pastor. In the fourteen years of his New Haven pastorate he has made over fifteen thousand pastoral calls, in addition to many others of a different nature not included in the above figures. The secret of his influence is to be found, not in the number of calls he has made, but in the nature of the call itself. He knows how to make the kind of call that leaves behind him the feeling in the hearts of those he has visited that they have found in him an indispensable friend, one who comes to minister, not to be ministered unto. Does some one say his method is old-fashioned? Perhaps it is, but for one, before I venture to criticise him, I feel obligated to put into execution a new way that will produce as good if not better results.

Before starting West, once more, for the spring Conventions of that section, I visited the Connecticut, Massachusetts and Rhode Island Conventions, delivering messages before each of them. The story of their activities has been told in the *Leader* already so I will not comment on them further than to say they were *great.*

On June 5, Sunday, the day before I left the East, I was once more the guest of Dr. Tomlinson and his good people in the First Church in Worcester for what they called their latest harvest of new members in the Crusade. This church from the first has taken the Crusade seriously. Minister and people, carefully organized, have worked night and day and the result was gratifying. By 10.30 the church was nearly filled. The service, which I shall never forget, was an inspiration. I spoke briefly on the progress of the membership campaign in the Church at large. Then Dr. Tomlinson received into the membership of the church a class of fifty-four, this, by the way, in addition to the large class received a short time before Easter. It was a great picture to carry in my mind as I started out for the West, and the inspiration of it was a source of strength.

When I left New England the weather was delightfully cool. Nature was smiling luxuriantly. It was so chilly the next morning, very early, while the train was skirting the Canadian border, that steam was turned on by the porter. By afternoon of that same day when Chicago was reached a heat wave, moving eastward from the great American desert, was encountered. This heat wave, growing in intensity, continued without a break during the entire Western convention trip, but the Conventions—they will constitute the subject matter of the next article.

The Reflections of Tertullian Browne

VII. Creeds

IF you were to ask me in the course of conversation, "I wish I knew your mother; what is she like? Do tell me about her," I might answer, "Certainly I will tell you about her; she is a dolicho-cephalic female biped of the anthropoid variety." That might be true; but it would give you a very inadequate impression of my mother. So writes a friend of mine in a book recently published; and he goes on to point out that it is just in this way the theologians have spoken about God. "The Father uncreate, the Son uncreate, the Holy Ghost uncreate; the Father incomprehensible, the Son incomprehensible, and the Holy Ghost incomprehensible; . . . as also there are not three incomprehensibles nor three uncreated, but one uncreated and one incomprehensible." What does it all mean? I confess I have not the faintest idea.

Again, in the Athanasian Creed we read of the Son that "he is God, of the substance of the Father, begotten before the worlds; and man, of the substance of his mother, born in the world; perfect God, perfect man, of a rational soul and human flesh subsisting, equal to the Father according to his divinity, less than the Father according to his humanity . . ." I simply do not know what this is all about; it conveys little or nothing to me. Indeed I may as well confess that it leaves me stone cold. And yet the Creed tells me that if I do not believe all this, I shall everlastingly perish. It may be that I shall have to believe some things I do not understand; but I can not believe anything of which I can form no mental image at all, words that have sound but no meaning that I can discover. If that sort of belief is the price of salvation, my prospects are not bright. But I cheerfully affirm that I am not in a state of anxiety about the matter; for I do believe in the common sense and intelligence of God. It does not appear to me that God is likely to be fastidious about a form of words; He will probably infer what I believe not from what I say but from what I am. One's true confession of faith is one's attitude to life—one's interests and relationships, one's hopes and preferences. Dr. L. P. Jacks tells a story of an old atheist cobbler who always saw to it that the poor children of the village were well-shod in winter; and when he died one of his friends said of him, "Well, he talked more than a man of his size should 'a' done; he spent his breath in proving that there isn't a God, and he spent his life in proving that there is." There is a saying of Thoreau's—I forget where it comes—which seems to me to state the sum of the matter: "They ask for word and deed; when a right relation is both word and deed." Our faith in God is defined by our relation to man; the test of our faith in Jesus is whether we take up *his* attitude to life. That was indeed his own test. "Why call ye me *Lord* and do not the things that I say?"

All the same, it is only a fool who despises or ignores the creeds. Swinburne has a hot word about "Christless creeds that mock at Christ;" and most of us have a good deal of sympathy with the poet's condemnation. But the phrase reveals rather a resentful spirit than a reasoned criticism. The men who made the creeds meant well; and what appears to us to be a meaningless agglomeration of words came from their desire to tell what they believed to be the truth about

Jesus. To be sure, they were folk like the rest of us, not above scoring a point over their opponents in an argument, and sometimes apt to be carried away by the love of battle; but by and large, it remains true that the sonorous verbiage of the Creeds grew out of a sense that the best and the vastest things they could say were not too good or too vast to be said about Jesus. These men had had an experience; somehow they had been touched by Jesus, and it was the greatest thing that ever happened to them. In the Creeds, they are trying to tell about it. They believed that their contact with Jesus had given them a clue to the mystery of life and things; and when we remember that these men were Greeks who had behind them a long tradition of search for this very clue, it is easy to understand that their language might incline to excess when they believed that they had found it. Besides the language was ready to their hands—Plato, Aristotle, the Stoics, Philo of Alexandria and others had all in turn taken a hand in creating a language of metaphysics; and this was the idiom, both of thought and speech, which the early creed-makers habitually used. "The battle of the diphthong," as Carlyle called it—that is, whether the Son was *homoousios*, of the *same* substance with the Father, as Athanasius held, or *homoiousios*, of the *like* substance with the Father, as Arius affirmed—may seem to us to be a little thing, a fight about words, hopelessly remote from the lyric simplicity of the Gospels. But Athanasius thought it was an issue of life or death; and he condemned Arius because he believed that he was belittling Jesus.

We have traveled far from the atmosphere in which these discussions were vital; but we have not quite outgrown our inheritance from them. The old controversy has indeed not yet died down. But even worse than the survival of the controversy is that the intellectual setting of it removed Jesus from life. It generalized Jesus into an idea; it substituted a metaphysical abstraction for a warm living person (and remember that Humanity is as much an abstraction as Divinity or Deity!). Athanasius meant to deify Jesus; what he actually did was to dehumanize him. He was interred in a formula, and the formula—whether Athanasian or Arian—has been a "veil upon our faces" ever since. This is the real sting of Swinburne's angry epigram about the "creeds that mock at Christ." Men in their zeal for the Christ of their own "doxy" forgot Jesus of Nazareth. They became intolerant, severe, even cruel in their devotion to an abstract truth. They persecuted, hanged, burned those who dissented from their definitions. Yet they meant through it all to be loyal to Christ; but their loyalty to Christ became disloyalty to Jesus. "Their faith unfaithful kept them falsely true." And that is why many people to-day who speak ill of Christianity think that they add point to their condemnation by speaking well of Jesus.

But it must not be forgotten that the Creeds represent something very much more than a mere collection of abstract definitions. They are attempts to state an experience. And it is our business to dig beneath the statement in order to discover just what the experience was. Christianity has been handed down from one generation to another, not as a creed or a philosophy, but as a life and an experience; and I venture to think that, under all its forms, the essence of this experience has been always the same. Men will state it under the categories of thought and feeling which prevail in their time and place; and the statement will vary endlessly in form and in emphasis. But the continuity of the Christian experience does not depend upon the clothes it wears, though its vitality may be greatly imperiled by trying to keep it in clothes that have become too small for it. In the end it will of course burst all straitjacket creeds—and that is in a real sense the present position. There is a general feeling that the Creeds are insolvent and that we must use our new freedom to essay a better and truer formulation of the essential Christian experience. But before we can do anything of the kind we shall, I think, have to rediscover the Jesus of the Gospels. Now that what the critics call the Synoptic problem has been virtually solved, it is time to undertake this task of rediscovery—first of all to make the attempt to clothe Jesus once more in the habit of his own thought and circumstances, and then to face the urgent and difficult business of translating him into the habit of *our* thought and circumstances. Some there are who tell us that we have outgrown him; this is a view which I do not share. And I do not see how any reasonable man can hold it until the attempt has been seriously made to rediscover him as he was, away behind the dogmas and the formulas, and to see whether he can be rendered in a vital and creative way in the idiom of our own time.

* * *

PARABLES OF SAFED THE SAGE

The Parable of a Great Man's Wife

THERE Came unto me a woman whom I knew not. And she was of sharp nose and sour visage. And she was Unmarried, and I was not sorry for that, but rather glad that some man had Missed her. And she said:

The servants of God are at ease in Zion. Therefore do the ways of Zion mourn, and the spirits of her people languish, while her shepherds say, A little more sleep, a little more slumber, a little more folding of the hands to sleep.

Now while she thus spake, I was getting on my Protective Coloring, for I thought she could have nothing on me. For among my redeeming vices is this, that I rise early, and my worst enemy hath never called me a Sluggard.

And she inquired of me, saying, At what hour of the clock dost thou arise, and read thy Bible, and call upon the name of God, and begin the work of the day?

And I said, When the clock striketh Six, then do I arise, and for the next Sixteen Hours I am on the job.

And I thought that would hold her, but I had another think coming.

For she had stocked herself with Ancient and Modern Instances, that no man might glory in her sight.

And she said, The sainted John Wesley rose every morning at four, and he meditated and prayed, and gat him to his work.

And I answered her, saying, If I had a wife like unto the wife of the sainted John Wesley, then would I sit up and work All Night.

And she was offended at that saying, and she departed.

But she ought to have been thankful that I did not tell her what I would have done had she been my wife.

Now I considered that the wife of the sainted John Wesley was in her own uncomfortable way a means of grace unto her husband; for had he not had a wife who was a shrew, he might have settled down and enjoyed the Comforts of home; but he went bravely forth and did a great man's work, and did it nobly.

And I considered how many ways there are in which a wife may assist her husband to accomplish a great task. For some do it by love and sympathy and Unfeigned Admiration, and others do it by other processes.

I have known brave men, who in the hour of danger went forth nobly to the battlefield, and some of them did it with tearful memories of the Girl they Left Behind Them. But there were others.

And I know some women who left behind them the Comforts of home and the joys of their husbands' companionships, and who nursed Wounded Soldiers; and I know that some of them Camouflaged with their patriotism a very considerable willingness to be relieved of the Monotony of Home Cares. And I know that there were men who listened for the announcement of Zero Hour with the peaceful assurance that if anything happened that would turn the column rules of the Home Paper, it would have the incidental advantage of relieving a strained Domestick Situation.

And when I consider the ways in which a woman can help a man, I am glad that I married Keturah, and not the wife of the sainted John Wesley.

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DEAN ACADEMY COMMENCEMENT

Commencement at Dean Academy this year was of special interest to its alumni and friends because, in addition to its being the fifty-fifth such occasion, it marked the twenty-fifth graduation under its Head Master, Arthur W. Peirce. Ideal weather ("Dean Weather," it has come to be called), splendid exercises, the largest graduating class in the history of the school, 106 in all, and surprises to commemorate Mr. Peirce's anniversary all helped to make the day a memorable one for the school and those at its head.

The usual Commencement exercises were held in the morning on the campus. The Rev. Lee S. McCollester, D. D., of Tufts College, a member of the Board of Trustees, offered prayer. Miss Mildred D. Sanborn of Newburyport was the valedictorian and Byron Bliven of Westerly, R. I., gave the salutatory. The address of the day was given by the Hon. Frank H. Pope (Dean '71), whose remarks were full of humor, philosophy, common sense and interest.

Diplomas were presented by the Rev. R. K. Marvin, vice-president of the Board of Trustees, who in turn introduced Russell Whitmore, president of the class of 1911. Mr. Whitmore, in behalf of the alumni, presented Mr. Peirce with tokens of their love and esteem, including a beautifully bound blue velour book, containing letters from two members of each class that had graduated under him from 1897 to 1921 inclusive, a set of platinum cuff links set with sapphires, and a purse of gold.

Mrs. Margaret Burleigh Titus (Dean '07), read an original poem, "A Friend," a tribute from the school to its friend and principal, Professor Peirce.

Prizes were awarded as follows:

Megaphone prizes—Story: First prize, J. Gratton O'Connell, Bristol, Conn.; second prize, Edith Hart, Brooklyn, N. Y. Poetry: First, Toshihiko Yarnaguchi, Tokyo, Japan; honorable mention, Harold S. Richardson, Newton, Mass. Prose article, not a story: First prize, Carl C. Hughes, Columbus, Ga.; second prize, Cornelius Greenway, Franklin, Mass., and Dorothy M. Stevens, Lowell, Mass.

Tennis Medals: Girls' singles, Barbara G. Jacobs, Jamaica Plain; boys' singles, Carlton M. Simonds, Pottsville, Pa.; boys' doubles, Carlton M. Simonds and Daniel F. Vickers.

Miss Edith Hart of Brooklyn, N. Y., was awarded the first Fletcher medal for being the young woman in the school credited with the highest general excellence in work, conduct and spirit during the school year. The second Fletcher medal was awarded to Eugene C. Hussey, Jr., of Hyde Park, Mass., for being the young man who best exemplified the combination of excellence of scholarship, conduct and spirit, with ability in athletics. Daniel F. Vickers of Syracuse, N. Y., was awarded the Sons of the American Revolution, Washington and Franklin medal for work in United States history.

In the afternoon an interesting pageant, "Yesterday, To-day and To-morrow," was staged on the campus. The words were written in part by the Rev. R. K. Marvin of Grace Universalist Church.

The announcement that the fifty thousand dollars for the Fiftieth Anniversary Endowment Fund to commemorate the fiftieth anniversary had been raised was an occasion for much joy and congratulation.

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WESTBROOK SEMINARY COMMENCEMENT

The Commencement exercises at Westbrook Seminary June 5 to 8, brought to a fitting close one of the best years that the school has known in the ninety years that it has served the public and the Universalist denomination. It was the first year of the new president, Dr. Orlando K. Hollister, who came from thirty years of service in Goddard Seminary. The attendance has been the largest in forty years and the largest class in all its history, thirty-four in number, was graduated.

The annual meeting of the trustees, June 7, was largely attended and marked by optimism and enthusiasm for Westbrook's future. For years the school has needed an increase in its endowment fund. It was the unanimous opinion of the trustees that the present was an opportune time to launch a general drive for $100,000. The trustees appointed three of their number as a committee to have charge of this work, Dr. H. S. Whitman, president of the Board of Trustees, Hon. David Moulton, a prominent lawyer in Portland and a graduate of Westbrook, and Rev. Harry E. Townsend of Westbrook, who has served with distinction as a Universalist minister in Maine for many years. The trustees also asked the Alumni Association to appoint two of their number to serve on this committee, as well as Dr. Hollister and Miss Agnes Safford, preceptress. Miss Safford completed in 1914 a service at Westbrook of seventeen years as teacher and preceptress. Her coming back to the school again last fall in the latter capacity caused great rejoicing among the alumni. The Alumni Association, at a later meeting, appointed Miss Deborah Morton of Portland, and Hon. Richard Coolidge of Boston, as their representatives. Miss Morton taught in the school for nearly thirty years, and Mr. Coolidge is a successful lawyer in Boston who is at present a member of the State Legislature.

The Rev. Roderick J. Mooney, D. D., Universalist pastor at Auburn, preached the baccalaureate sermon at All Souls' Church at 3.30 p. m. June 5, on "Being Prepared."

On the evening of June 6 the members of the Junior Class entertained their friends at the Junior Promenade. The McArthur gymnasium was transformed by the artistic decorations.

The weather was perfect on Tuesday for Class Day. Any one who has seen the Westbrook campus can appreciate what a beautiful setting it made for the outdoor exercises.

At the close of the program the audience and class joined in singing the school song, which was written by Carolyn Havener. The Seniors marched to this music around the campus, pausing before each of the buildings to give a cheer.

The Commencement exercises were held in All Souls Church Wednesday morning, the eight honor students giving original essays as follows: Salutatory with Essay—special or regular course in college—(First Honor), Maurice Norman Winslow. "The Michelson Interferometer," Stanley Ervin Wilson. "Everyday Chemistry," Adelaide Ruth Ward. "Forestry as a Profession," Samuel Wilde Lunt. "An Appreciation of Edward McDowell," Eleanor Ruth Peebles. "German Reparations," Ira Worcester Stockwell. "The Necessity of a Merchant Marine," Kenneth Philip Coykendall. Valedictory (Second Honor), Carolyn Clay Havener.

After the presentation of the diplomas by Dr. Hollister two prize cups were awarded, the winners to hold them for one year. For the highest rank in scholarship in the whole school for the year a cup was awarded to Kenneth Philip Coykendall, El Paso, Texas, and for high rank in scholarship and also distinction in athletics the second cup was awarded to Stanley Ervin Wilson, Falmouth.

The speakers received much praise from the large audience present for the fine manner in which they delivered their parts. The training for all of the public work was done by Miss Mabel Thresher, a graduate of Emerson College, who was engaged as a special teacher for the last few weeks. Her work was so highly satisfactory that she has been engaged for next year as a special teacher of Elocution and English.

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THE SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

Charles A. Alden

JULY 17—THE CONVERSION OF SAUL

Acts 9 : 1-19a

Going the Limit You Run into God

The prodigal reduced to penury, want and a diet of husks—Saul in a position of power, entrenched by education and fortified by religious tradition: each goes to the end of his rope and each arriving there finds God. The key-note of the parable of the prodigal son is that "he came to himself." The same key-note turns on the dazzling light of the Damascus road. The prodigal son shows the passionate desire of youth. Saul typifies the passion of intolerance at its prime. The boy represents the human desire for experiment. The man represents the mature desire to be through with experiment and trust to experience as an immutable standard. The boy finds God waiting for him with a vision of salvation through the experience which he had voluntarily discarded. Saul finds God waiting for him with the vision of experiment which he had voluntarily excluded from his plan of life. "The stone which the builders refused has become the head of the corner. This is the Lord's doing: it is marvelous in our eyes." The real wonder of Christianity (according to Christ, not of the apostolic arithmetic, which adds to and subtracts from the teaching of Jesus) is that it co-ordinates experience and experiment. "I am not come to destroy the law." "But when he, the spirit of truth, is come he shall guide you into all truth." Human nature is divine nature unmobilized. It gravitates to extremes. The militarist and the pacifist are good illustrations. At either extreme man meets God with the thing that man in his ignorance has refused; supplying it is the complement of what the man has chosen, that by the harmonizing of the two the redeemed—or completed man—may be developed. For example, God would not take away the fighting spirit from humanity—leaving it in the "mollycoddle" stage—but He would have the fighting directed against "spiritual wickedness in high places" rather than against the "flesh and blood" of our fellow men.

Doggedness or Dogmatists

Saul, as this lesson begins, is a typical dogmatist. The dogmatist is the man of a sepulchered mind. His mind is like a closed shop. Every thought and idea belongs to the union. Not one of them can be "fired" under any circumstances. No new thought can possibly be admitted. Jesus was to Saul a "blasphemer" with that idea of the spirit of truth having any additional revelation to bring to men. Yet human experience is cumulative. It takes only a bit of fuse-wire to complete a circuit and produce the glaring light. What we call sudden is never really so. It has been developing slowly, quietly, invisibly, and then, all at once, it assumes visibility, and we are astounded. This thing happens over and over again in every realm of life. Yet, leaders in both Church and State, who ought to know their history, are never prepared for the heavenly vision that bursts on their Damascus road. This should be a part of making this bit of scripture live in our present time. This should be held in mind when our hearts grow weary at what seems like God's delay. Read the Damascus road experience of Saul, and of men nowadays, in the terms of the phrase concerning Jesus, that "when the fulness of time was come." Probably the Christians of that day feared Saul as much as they ever feared any man. He justified their fear. He was a fanatic and apparently unrestrained. They doubtless frequently uttered the cry of the psalmist, "How long, O Lord, how long!"—"even as you and I." Only those who are close to the spirit of divine harmony enjoy the transfusion of divine patience. The extremist wants his League of Nations born full-fledged, when no movement of large human welfare has ever come into the world that way. He may intellectually believe in evolution, but his own reform ought not to take over the "six days" of creation's legend. He decries miracles and demands them. He has faith in God but he wants "a sign." And no sign shall be given "save that of Jonah, the prophet," that no man can escape meeting his God whether the rendezvous be in a whale's belly, or on an hitherto unimportant stretch of the Damascus road.

Human Epilogue of Heavenly Visions

The kingdom of God is ever "at hand," but strong men, convinced of error, usually surrender with great deliberation. "It is hard for thee to kick against the pricks" (Acts 26 : 14). Moffatt translates it: "Why hurt yourself by kicking at the goad?" It is a real human crisis when a leader among men realizes that he has been wrong and faces the "goad" of the necessity of confessing himself wrong. The men who journey with him always "stand speechless." Yet it does occur every once in a while. Within the year some "wet" leaders have made such a confession. The blindness and fasting which follow Saul's conversion are typical of the chaos that follows in any leader's life (or anybody else's) when the whole structure of life as it has been build up through years, its aims and purposes, are overturned by the explosion of the leaven that has been quietly working God's will, absolutely unrecognized, in the human heart all the time. "Remember thy creator in the days of thy youth," is still wisdom in modern America, as when set down in Ecclesiastes. In youth there is less of a structure to be overturned by conversion to truth and harmony with God. Sunday schools still have a legitimate religious function, the redemptive value of which is seldom recognized by adult Christians. Some of them, who decry the snail-pace of advancing community righteousness, need a Damascus road vision themselves in regard to the Sunday school itself. Our Universalist dogmatism is along the line of indifference. We are fanatic on dodging our individual responsibility. What would have happened to Saul if, after God had done His part, Ananias had been too busy or too lazy or too indifferent to have performed his task in visiting this blinded, fasting man? Would the apostle Paul have ever been known to the Christian world? The heavenly vision is God's way of preparation for the supplemental office of a human ambassador. It took some courage for Ananias to obey what he heard within himself as a divine commission. It must have been hard for him to have any vision of Saul except as an enemy of Christianity. He had not seen what happened on the Damascus road. Many a Sunday school teacher feels prompted to speak to a boy or girl, perhaps one that has appeared scornful, and it is difficult. But the prompting to speak may be opportune to some heavenly vision which God has sent to prepare the way for that very word. God seldom sends a human messenger where He, Himself, has not already been.

Home and Children

FRIENDLY POETRY

The poems to be printed in this department must meet the human test. They must have sympathy, understanding and, above all, faith.

DREAM AND DEED

What of the deed without the dream? A song
Reft of its music, and a scentless rose.
Except the heart outsoar the hand, the throng
Will bless thee little for thy labor-throes.

The dream without the deed? Dawn's fairy gold,
Paled, ere it wake the hills, to misty gray.
Except the hand obey the heart, behold,
Thy grieved angel turns his face away.

Katherine Lee Bates.

THE LITTLE STAR-GAZER—IX

"SUE! Hurry now, child, or you'll miss your train!" called Phebe.

"You'd think I were Little Sue instead, wouldn't you?" said Aunt Sue, snapping together her traveling-bag. "But, bless her heart, she's been here since I was Little Sue myself and she still looks out for me."

"I don't know how you'd find things at the last minute without her," laughed the girl friend with whom she was going camping. "Did you put in the star-maps and your opera glasses?"

"I'd never forget those! And if I have a minute I mean to write little Sue."

"Bless her darling little heart," put in Phebe, coming to the door to see them off. "Here it's a holiday and you-all going away. I wish I had her here all day with me, I do!"

"And she'd love to be here with her Phebe," said Aunt Sue. "Look at that clock, Margaret! 'By!"

Bunker Hill Day saw Boston full of flags and marching men, but Aunt Sue and her friend were on their way with six other girls to a little camp on Silver Lake, New Hampshire. Followed three glorious days of out-door life, and it wasn't till Sunday afternoon that Aunt Sue found a minute to drop her paddle and resist a hike and write to Little Sue.

Darling Little Sue:

. . . . And now I've told you all about this little camp and the good times we've been having. Last night we gathered wood for a fire and took our eats over in the canoe and row-boat for supper on the beach. Just then, bing-bang! ! and a thunder-storm was upon us! So we scurried back again to shelter.

After the rain the clouds were banked so black along the horizon. Then through the pine trees and the glistening leaves of the woods all around us a silver light came stealing like magic. Aunt Margaret drew me out silently to a little clearing and there we saw the moon riding high over the clouds. One by one the stars came out. If a white mist hadn't covered the lake or the ground been so damp, I'd have liked nothing better than to spend hours out on the water or on a bed of pine needles looking up at them.

How different are the northern and southern skies in summer—the southern so much more brilliant. However, I found *Vega*, blue-green, in the northeast. I knew it was *Vega* because of her position and color, and because there's no other bright star now in that part of the sky.

But the southern sky is a heavenly flower-garden. That lovely red star near the horizon not far from the east is *Antares*, which means Anti-Ares or "rival of Mars," because, while it's not so red as the planet, it sends out rosy twinkles. This fat old astronomy I have here says it's nine hundred times bigger than our own sun, but that it's dying and growing dimmer every year. It says, too, that there is with it a "companion star" (a sun also) of glittering emerald. I wish we were rich enough to own a big telescope!

Scorpio is easy to find, and take care to pick it out carefully on the map. On the little fan of stars the second from the top is a second-magnitude star. *Antares*, of course, is a first, and

there are eleven third magnitude and a few of the fourth. It forms almost a shepherd's crook. There are forty-odd stars in all, and it's to my mind one of the constellations that looks most like the imagined mythological figure.

The Scorpion has a sting in its tail, and the story is that Orion boasted that there was no animal on earth that he could not conquer. This vanity provoked the gods, and Zeus' goddess wife sent the Scorpion to sting him—and from the wound he died. But they were both placed in the sky, though they're never seen together in the heavens and can't harm each other ever again. But of course, that's only the *story*.

Then there's Sagittarius, the Archer, to the east. The old stories tell of centaurs, creatures half-man and half-horse. If Daddy takes you through the West where men ride horses all the time, you'll see some of them who seem to belong together. No wonder the ancient Greeks thought of them as a strong race all their own. They could shoot as they rode swiftly by, and the picture shows not the figure but the bow and arrow. I can't help imagining as I look at the curve of stars in line with the handle of

the dipper another bow, and through it a bent arrow, pointing upwards. The dipper so clearly formed, upside down, is called the Milk Dipper, because it's partly in the Milky Way.

Do you realize, Little Sue, that with *Antares* and the rising of *Vega* again we've been round the year with the stars? Next year they'll seem like old friends as one by one they again come over the horizon. Now I'll tell you a little stunt for you to do! Make a list of the first-magnitude stars and tell in what constellations they are found. There are fifteen you've learned. See if you can't get 100 per cent!

Next time I'll wind up our star-story letters with the Big Dipper and the Little Dipper, even though they're old friends.

Somehow the stars seem so much nearer up here away from the city lights. But they're always *friendly*.

A big X in a hurry! Off for a last paddle!

Your loving,

Auntie Sue.

Here is Little Sue's list:

Altair (the standard first-magnitude star), in Aquila, the Eagle; *Vega*, in Lyra, the Harp; *Deneb* (the tail), in Cygnus, the Swan; *Fomalhaut*, in Piscis (Mother had to hunt that up, but I knew it was below the Square of Pegasus); *Aldebaran*, in Taurus, the Bull; *Betelgeuze* and *Rigel*, in Orion; *Sirius*, the Big Dog Star; *Procyon*, the Little Dog Star; *Capella*, in Auriga, the Charioteer; *Castor* in Gemini (Pollux is second); *Regulus* and *Deneb* in Leo, the Lion; *Arcturus*, in Bootes, the Huntsman; *Spica*, in Virgo, the Virgin; and *Antares*, the Heart of the Scorpion.

Dear Auntie Sue:

Daddy wrote them down as I remembered them and then put them in the right order for me. He said I ought to have a diploma and get a degree of B. A., like Aunt Sue when she got through college. Mother said B. A. for what? And Daddy said Baby Astronomer, of course! Mother pinned her Eastern Star on me, and we had some strawberry icecream. We wished you were here, too, Teacher Aunt Sue.

With a big X,

Litle Sue.

* * *

WHERE GO THE BOATS

Dark brown is the river,
Golden is the sand.
It floats along for ever,
With trees on either hand.

Green leaves a-floating,
Castles on the foam,
Boats of mine a-boating—
Where will all come home?

On goes the river
And out past the mill,
Away down the valley,
Away down the hill.

Away down the river,
A hundred miles or more,
Other little children
Shall bring my boats ashore.

Robert Louis Stevenson.

* * *

IVANHOE IN POETRY

A correspondent of the *Sun-Dial* declares upon his honor that the following interesting conversation took place in a "downtown" bookstore:

Girl Customer: "Have you Scott's works?"

Clerk: "Oh, yes, several editions."

Customer: "Well, I want the original edition—not translated."

Clerk: "Why, Scott wrote in English."

Customer: "Perhaps 'translated' isn't the right word. What I mean is the works the way he originally wrote them, as poems, before they were made into novels."

Clerk: "We have Scott's poems. If you— "

Customer: "What I want is Ivanhoe as he wrote it in poetry."

Clerk: "I'm afraid you're mistaken about that."

Customer: "Oh, no! A friend explained it to me, and if you look at the chapters you'll see that they all begin with little verses. He told me that any good bookstore would know what I meant."—*Youth's Companion.*

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ONE TEST OF A TEST

The complete answer to the questions used by Thomas A. Edison to select men for work in his offices and plant, which the newspapers have recently published at such great length, is supplied by her poet-husband, says Mrs. Padraic Colum. He can answer the Edison questions with amazing accuracy, fixing the location of Magdalena Bay with nicety and never hesitating in regard to the country where the finest cotton is grown. "But what good does his record of 90 per cent of these questions do?" asks Mrs. Colum. "He can not buy a pair of shoes for himself. Where, then, is the test of 'practical efficiency'?"—*Survey.*

* * *

MENTAL ARITHMETIC

"Now, then, Johnny," said his teacher, "if your father gave you seven cents and your mother gave you six and your uncle gave you four more, what would you have?"

Johnny wrinkled up his forehead and went into the silence for the space of several minutes.

"Come, come," said the teacher impatiently. "Surely you can solve a simple little problem like that."

"It ain't a simple problem at all," replied the boy. "I can't make up my mind whether I'd have an ice-cream soda or go to the movies."—*New York Sun.*

Some Worth-while Books

Any Book Published For Sale by the Universalist Publishing House

Kipling's Sussex. By R. Thurston Hopkins. Illustrated. Picture jacket. $3.50.

There is much Sussex and less Kipling in this delightful book, the making of which was evidently a labor of love; but he stands at the door to welcome us, a little graver and sadder than in the days when he declared at Gloucester that his idea of hell was a boarding-house—the World War and its great sacrifice had not then been revealed to him.

It is a charming country where Kipling has established his home and which has served as a background for songs and stories—

"I'm just in love with all these three,
The Weald and Marsh and the Down countrie;
Nor I don't know which I love the most,
The Weald or the Marsh or the white chalk coast!"

—and the author tries to show it all to us, that we may feel we have really seen it.

First, very properly, we go to Burwash (local pronunciation Berrish) where the old Bell Inn "receives a man like a friend," and we see the old church "with its quaint porch paved with curiously carven gravestones," where Dan and Una met the saint of Sussex, Pook's Hill, and then the home, "Batemans," dating back to 1634, with the river Dudwell at the bottom of the garden and "surrounded by woods and . . as much seclusion and jungle mystery as any lover of nature could desire."

We visit Etchingham and Northiam, Winchelsea, where John Wesley preached his last open-air sermon under an ash-tree in the churchard, Rye, the "ancient towne" to which Queen Elizabeth made many progresses, where there has always been a Mermaid Inn, and which is the edge of Romney Marsh, Bexhill and outlying villages, Pevensey, which with its castle is the scene of four stories, Wilington, Seaford and the Cuckmere Valley, Eastbourne, Alfriston, Lithington, Rottingdean, where Kipling made a home at "The Elms" but was driven away by literary pilgrims, and Lewes, the county town. After this there is a chapter on the Sussex Downs and another on the Seals' Island, followed by a glossary.

"Now don't you wish that you was born in Sussex by the sea,
Where every man's a famous man, as famous as can be?—
But take good comfort from the thought that 'neath the wide blue sky,
You can not choose a better pleace than in Sussex fur to die!"

Terry. A Tale of the Hill People. By Charles Goff Thomson. Picture jacket. $2.00.

A story set in the Philippine Islands is a novelty, and the author knows whereof he writes, having been an army colonel and also an assistant director of prisons for the Philippine Government; and it is very timely, now that General Wood is making a special investigation into the conditions there.

Richard Terry, feeling that his love for Deane Hunter has small chance of succeeding, owing to her father's opposition, accepts a commission as lieutenant in the Philippine constabulary and leaves Crampville, Vermont, where he was born and has spent all his twenty-six years of life except the four at Princeton, and where his sister Susan and her husband, Ellis Crofts, live in the house that has been the home of Terrys for four generations.

He reports to Major Bronner at Mindanao, and is sent to Davao as Senior Inspector, and with him goes Matek, a Moro servant who attaches himself to Terry "because he understands us, sir,—the unfortunate . . . and is lonely, too, sir." Both the Governor and the Major are much impressed by him, and their confidence is not misplaced, for he makes a fine record—he acquires influence over the natives, so that they willingly do his bidding, wins the friendship of the hemp-planters by persuading the Bogobos to work for them, captures Malabanan, the ladrone leader, and finally penetrates the stronghold of the hill people; and he is rewarded by a captaincy and a Christmas present which means a wedding gift. Incidentally, happiness comes even to that confirmed bachelor, Major Bronner, and the fox-skin has the last word, as it had the first.

The Fourth Dimension. By Horace Annesley Vachell. Picture jacket. $2.00.

A stage has three sides, but it is the mysterious fourth dimension, not commonly taken into account by the producers of plays, which is the determining factor,—a career does not make a life. Jessica Yeo of The Cedars, in Sloden-Pauncefort, has been a V. A. D. during the war, and after it tastes blood in amateur theatricals, is seen and congratulated by Sir Felix Crewe, and asked by Mr. Pell to play Giggles, a coster-girl of preternatural solemnity, in a Christmas play at the Castle. This leads to her being offered a contract for a professional engagement, to which her father—Indian Civil Service, retired—and mother object, but in the end Jessica signs the contract.

She marries Arthur Cherrington, an author of plays, who soon discovers that he is only Miss Yeo's husband, and instead of retaining their apartment in West Kensington they take a house in Regent's Park Road and live beyond their income, the Duchess's advice to "Cherry" being "If you don't go it, you're gone."

At last, worn out by this incessant junketing, he goes to Dartmoor and lives an outdoor life in the hope of unsealing the fount of his inspiration, which has dried up; and all is going well until he is caught in a sudden storm and loses his way—and Jessica is telegraphed for, as her husband is seriously ill. In that illuminating moment she realizes that to be Arthur's wife and the mother of his children is her life, not the stage with its one empty side. And so they enter upon a real partnership of love and worldly ambitions, and the last word is

"I shan't be long getting well, Jess."

The Enchanted Canyon. By Honore Willsie. Picture jacket. $2.00.

The Grand Canyon makes its debut as a character, and helps Nucky to live up to his name, which is Enoch Huntingdon; and the book is a splendid sermon on the power of right influence over wrong environment.

He is a most unpromising hero, this thin, red-headed, blue-eyed New York gutter-snipe, trained by Luigi Guiseppe, who has possession of him, to gamble, and continuing in crooked paths despite the efforts of his friends the police to keep his talents legitimately employed. Mr. Seaton, who has lost his only son, Jack, is inspired to rescue the boy, and takes him along on a trip to San Francisco, but is impelled to leave him with Frank Allen, a Grand Canyon guide and former New Yorker, while he goes on to the coast; so Nucky is bought face to face with the great wonder. The first time he cries, "I can't stand it! I gotta get back to N'York now!"—the second time "the sun was setting and the Canyon was like the infinite glory of God"—and the third time he goes down the trail to Bright Angel. So with the influence of the Canyon and of Frank Allen, who knows so well what the battle is, begins the miracle of the remaking of Enoch.

Next we see him as the Secretary of the Interior, a big figure in big affairs, fighting for ideals—a Rooseveltian personality. Into his life comes Diana, the daughter of Frank Allen, who has become a photographer of Indians and is studying at the Smithsonian—a woman whose face, once seen, no man ever forgets. And with him is Jonas, a most amusing and devoted negro who attached himself to "the Boss" in the days when Enoch was Police Commissioner in New York, and follows even to the Canyon, where the Secretary goes *incognito* for a rest, and admires Na-che, Diana's Indian nurse, greatly.

In his loneliness, Enoch has kept a diary addressed to "Lucy," an ideal; but now it is written to Diana. And when at last the mystery of his parentage is cleared up, he is free to marry, and "they stepped down into the moonlight together."

Young People's Christian Union

DIRECTOR'S DATES

July 13-19, National Y. P. C. U. Convention, Chicago.

July 20, Consolation Church, Ky.

July 21, Crofton, Ky.

July 22-31, Southern Institute, Chattanooga, Tenn.

Aug. 7-14, Y. P. C. U. Institute, Ferry Beach, Maine.

Aug. 29-30, Vermont Y. P. C. U. Convention, Brattleboro.

Aug. 31-Sept. 4, Y. P. C. U. Institute, Murray Grove, N. J.

Sept. 8, Ohio State Board Meeting, Akron.

Sept. 9, Western Ohio League, New Madison.

Sept. 10, Southern Ohio League, Blanchester.

Sept. 12-17, Mid-West Institute, Chicago.

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TRAINING IN DENOMINATIONAL WORK

This is the time of year when the young men and women organized in the Y. P. C. U. are receiving special training in the art of co-operation. The fiscal year of the National Union closes the last day of June, and all reports and remittances are supposed to be in the national office by that date.

Like some of their elders, the young people are not always prompt in sending in these reports, but it is surprising to see how many do come in on time. There are always some delinquents, and last year we resorted to the telegraph to secure some belated reports of local Unions. The time for this has not yet arrived, and perhaps will not be necessary, but the officers whose duty it is to send in the needed information are being deluged with letters from state and national officers. No one will be able to plead ignorance of his duties as an excuse.

The report requested of local Unions is fairly long and by no means simple. One who has filled out a few of these, after collecting the information they call for, is qualified to act as a parish clerk, so far as the recording and transmitting of statistics is concerned.

This is one of the services rendered by the Union to the church which is often overlooked. Perhaps the work of the churches and conventions would be better done, or at least better reported, if each parish should insist that its clerk be some one trained by the Y. P. C. U. preferably in the office of secretary. Such a member has had training in the filling out of reports, and has also learned the importance of sending in the information requested promptly. If this were done, we could doubtless publish a much more satisfactory year-book than heretofore.

Treasurers and others are receiving a similar training in the Y. P. C. U., for they are being taught that money collected for specific purposes outside the local society is not fulfilling the purpose for which it was given if it lies idle in the local treasury.

Beyond these details of routine work, there is the additional experience of contact with our larger Church through Conventions, Summer Conferences and Institutes. The value of these is growing, and our appreciation of their value is growing faster.

Not a few churches are financing the trips which their young people will make this summer to Chicago, Ferry Beach and Chattanooga. It is a paying investment, for the young people will come back more interested in the work at home, and also better informed regarding the larger work of the Church as a whole.

Word has just come from one of our New England churches which plans to send two of its young men to Chicago, that it has had a chart placed in the vestry showing the route from the city where the church is located to the one in which the Convention will be held. The miles along the way are indicated, and the members of the church and Union have been asked to purchase mileage at ten cents a mile. A considerable sum has been realized.

It is too late now for any church to start this, but why not keep it in mind for next summer, and in the mean time, try it out and see how it works by raising money in this way to send your minister to the General Convention in Detroit next October? It will prove to be so much fun that you'll want to send some of your young people to the Y. P. C. U. Convention in 1922.

* *

THE KEYSTONE STATE

The last stop on my last field trip for the fiscal year was at Linesville, Penn., where the State Convention was in session. Pennsylvania is a big state, and we have two groups of churches in it: one in the east, which we always think of when we speak of the Pennsylvania Convention, and a much smaller group in the extreme west, and between the two there is not a great gulf fixed, but there are high mountains, and it costs so much to go over them that when the Convention is held in the west only the faithful few make the long and expensive trip, and the most faithful of these, the ministers' wives, have to stay at home so their husbands can go. And when the Convention meets in the eastern part of the state, the same thing happens, only it is the few who come from the west.

Sometime, perhaps, we will get away from the artificial state lines that are interfering with the more perfect co-operation of our churches which is easily possible. It would be a large and difficult task to redistrict the United States for the purposes of denominational efficiency, and it would involve some puzzling legal questions over the disposal of trust funds, but if it could be done, we would be a long way ahead.

A beginning has been made in the addition of the Fork Ridge Church in West Virginia to the Ohio Convention, and at least in the work of the Y. P. C. U., of the Chattanooga Union to the state organization in Georgia. For a long time the churches in Southern Quebec have had a share in the State Convention across the line, and it is known as the Vermont and Quebec Convention.

All of this is preliminary to the statement that the Pennsylvania Convention was small—inevitably so—and especially was it small in the number of young people present for the sessions of the State Y. P. C. U. from places outside of Linesville.

Nevertheless, in spite of small numbers and hot weather, we had a good gathering, there was considerable interest manifested, and the closing banquet, which called out a number of the Linesville young people, was well attended. The local Union here suspended operations some time ago, chiefly because of its feeling of isolation. They did not have the incentive of fellowship to keep them at work. Another effort will be made in the fall, and after the Convention, and better acquaintance with a few of the other young people in the state, the work should go on in a satisfactory manner.

And sometime, perhaps, we shall fill the intervening spaces in Pennsylvania and other states with new churches and Unions, so it will not be necessary to travel hundreds of miles in search of fellowship.

Stanley Manning.

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For the Quiet Hour

All I have seen teaches me to trust the Creator for all I have not seen. Whatever it be which the great Providence prepares for us, it must be something large and generous, and in the great style of his works. The future must be up to the style of our faculties, of memory, of hope, of imagination, of reason.

Ralph Waldo Emerson.

Gain some acquaintance with lively Christians: mutual conversation shall raise the divine flame higher, like united torches, which increase each other's blaze, sharpen your desires, and kindle your hopes and joys, by mutual and holy discourse. Mix your flames of celestial love, as angels do, and let them aspire upward and point toward Jesus, your beloved.

Isaac Watts.

The time comes when there will be no friendship but spiritual friendship.

John Mason.

The Christian religion is Christ's friendship. We can not come to any truer friend, as we can not find a simpler story to tell of it than that.

Phillips Brooks.

The W. N. M. A.

Conducted by Mrs. Marietta B. Wilkins, 52 Essex St., Salem, Mass.

As we visit the states and meet our members in meetings and Conventions, we are impressed with the common spirit we find. All these dear women seem to have common problems: the problem of membership; the problem of small treasuries; the problem of attendance at meetings; the problem of indifference of those whose help is so desired in a denominational work. But they are all working valiantly and results are shown, although not perhaps in the degree desired. We feel as we meet with these groups here and there all over our Zion, listen to their reports and their ideals and visions for our cause, hear their plans and their prayers, that all is well with our Association, and with our Church. The recent Conventions at Iowa, Ohio and Pennsylvania were an inspiration.

* *

Here's to the Guild we love so well,
Honored across the sea,
Here's to her colors, red and white,
Here's to our C. B. G.
Here's to the sisters ever true,
True to the cause we love,
Here's to the Guild for you and me
Here's to the C. B. G."

(Toast at Get-Together Banquet, Kent, Ohio.)

If the efficiency and enthusiasm of the Clara Barton Guild of Ohio is any criterion, we may expect to realize our hope for this organization. Ohio, always alert and loyal, is doing splendid work in the formation and actual service of the Guild, under the leadership of Mrs. Arthur Nash of Cincinnati. The Guilds are growing in numbers and in membership and they certainly are a live lot in that state. The Get-Together banquet at Kent on June 22 in connection with the Ohio Convention was a very happy occasion. The Kent Guild is a very strong organization and helped entertain royally.

* *

The Mission Circle of the Universalist Church of Kinston, North Carolina, sends greetings to the Woman's National Missionary Association, and all other friends.

Resolved: that the Woman's National Missionary Association has been especially kind to us, in sending us such splendid helpers. Our work is easier and done in a more business-like way, because of their help and instruction.

Resolved: that thanks be extended to you who have so kindly sent us boxes for our rummage sales, which always help us financially.

Resolved: that we try more than ever to co-operate with the Woman's National Missionary Association and other friends in the work of our Faith.

Resolved: that we send these greetings and words of thanks to you by our loved friend Mrs. Katharine B. Haskell.

Mrs M. E. J. Rhodes,
Mrs. W. J. Langston,
Mrs. J. Ross Sutton,
Committee.

Sunday School Search Lights

The address of the General Sunday School Association of the Universalist Church is 359 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass.

* *

* INSTITUTE INKLINGS *

* *Ferry Beach.* We wrote, "Mr. Hempel will be dean." The compositor said "Mr. Hempel will be dear." He will. *

* *Murray Grove.* Apply at once to Rev. C. E. Petty for accommodations. Address, Forked River, N. J. *

* *Chicago.* Mr. Baner will have a fine course on "Reaching the Adolescent Scholars." *

* *Detroit.* The over-Sunday institute will give an unusual opportunity for demonstrations. *

* *

A CENTER OF ATTRACTION

Our school building at Suffolk, Va., has just been painted a "golden-yellow" with white trimmings and presents a most attractive appearance. Some people say it is the cleanest and prettiest piece of property in the city. Its yard is being used this summer as a playground for playgroundless children, whether they belong to the mission or not.

THE SEEING LED BY THE BLIND

One of the most interesting and efficient teachers that we have is Mr. Floyd, our blind friend at Durham, N. C. On Saturday a friend reads the lesson to him, spending two hours in going over its details. The next day he comes before his class with the thought well in hand and with a good supply of telling illustrations and searching questions. Having no eyes to see, he yet sees and helps others to see.

* *

SOMETHING ALIVE

There's something alive in Los Angeles because there's some*body* alive. Dr. Nash, pastor, and Mr. Crandall, superintendent, rejoice in the thoroughly vital assistance of "Jacoby, Editor," which means Mr. Ralph G. Jacoby, formerly of Chicago. "The Sunday School Bulletin," a weekly sheet, mimeographed, is as wide-awake as they make them. Mr. Gegoux, assistant pastor, is clever with his pencil and does things that Mr. Jacoby can not do with his typewriter.

It goes without saying that any one writing to Dr. Nash could secure sample copies and any desired information about the bulletin.

By the way, the Berean Class, taught by the "dominie," now numbers forty members.

* *

BELATED BUT WELCOME

Miss Ruth Woodis wrote to Mr. Carl Hempel. She wrote on Thanksgiving Day and he received the letter in June, which helps us to understand something of the isolation that our worker in the Near East has to endure. It seems somewhat strange to be printing a note of appreciation for a resolution passed a year ago, but it took practically four months for our letter to reach Harpoot and practically eight for the reply to come back.

Harpoot, Turkey,
November 25, 1921

Mr. Carl A. Hempel,
Secretary of the General Sunday School Association,
North Attleboro, Mass.

My dear Mr. Hempel:

I want to send through you my thanks for the resolution passed by the delegates and all the others at the Murray Grove convention. Their love and prayers and best wishes mean a great deal to me and will continue to throughout my stay in this land. They are some of the many things that I have to be thankful for to-day; and somehow they seem to make the distance between us shorter.

Very sincerely yours,
Ruth G. Woodis.

* *

RALLY DAY——KNOW ALL MEN

The date is Oct. 9. That is settled. Dr. Lowe has settled it for the churches and it goes without saying that at the same time he has settled it for the Sunday schools. In some cases there may be some local preference for another date but we have passed the time when local preference had more weight than the call of the General Superintendent.

What an advantage it is to know before vacation just when the big day is coming! Let us thus early begin to cerebrate.

* *

A PHILADELPHIA EXPERIMENT

Most of the members of the Sunday school at the Church of the Restoration, Philadelphia, live miles away from the church. But the school is determined to know, at any rate, who its neighbors are. It is undertaking a thorough survey of sixteen squares from the corner of Master and Sixteenth, with the object of discovering just how large the oft-mentioned "unchurched" population may be. If it is revealed that there are any possible recruits for the Universalist Sunday school, Mr. Scott, energetic pastor, Mr. Gartley, wide-awake superintendent, and their loyal fellow-workers propose to gather them in.

Among Our Churches

Vermont and Quebec Letter

The annual gatherings of the Universalist Convention, the Women's Missionary Association, the Young People's Christian Union and the Sunday School Association of Vermont and the Province of Quebec will be held at Brattleboro from Monday, Aug. 29, to Thursday, Sept. 1, both inclusive. By vote of last year's Convention the Sunday School Commission will call at this time a session for the purpose of organizing the Vermont and Quebec Sunday School Association. * * **Jacksonville.**—The parish will have the services of G. A. Leining of St. Lawrence University as summer pastor from July 1 until the opening of college. * * **Rochester.**—Rev. J. P. Marvin, who for two years has served as pastor of our parishes at Rochester and Stockbridge Common, will complete his work on Sept. 1, having accepted an invitation to become pastor of one of our Portland, Maine, churches. Mr. Marvin has held two pastorates at Rochester in both of which he has held an enviable position in the hearts of his people and in the esteem of the town. * * **Mrs. Matilda Bemis.**—The Superintendent was called to Marshfield on June 8 to attend the funeral services of Mrs. Matilda Bemis. For many years there has been a loyal group of Universalist people, who, despite the fact that they have held no services, have none the less kept their interest in the denomination and been active according to their ability in the work. Of these none has been more loyal than Mrs. Bemis. Eighty-nine years of age, she has been limited in her physical activity for many years. Unlimited in mental alertness, of unfailing optimism and faith, she has been a tower of strength to our cause. * * **Murray Lectureship Tour**—What we anticipate will be one of the greatest missionary undertakings in the history of our Convention will be undertaken the latter part of July under the direction of the Murray Lectureship. The lecturers will be Rev. Frank O. Hall, D. D., chairman of the Murray Lectureship, Rev. Lee S. McCollester, D. D., dean of Crane Theological School, and Rev. Vincent E. Tomlinson, D. D., pastor of First Church, Worcester, Mass. Rev. Charles R. Tenney will be song leader and director of meetings. Prof. Russell L. Davison, principal of Goddard Seminary, and Mrs. George F. Fortier, president of the W. M. A. of Vermont and Quebec, will be the soloists and assist with the music. Rev. George F. Fortier, Superintendent of Churches, will be business manager and pathfinder. The trip will start in the southern portion of the state, work up the west side into Canada and down into Vermont on the east side, again. The meetings will be all-day affairs and the following places will be visited, choice being given to the smaller parishes to enable our isolated Universalists to hear these great speakers of our Church: Williamsville, one of the most active and loyal of our smaller parishes; Cavendish, the place where Universalism came into Vermont from the south, and the home of the famous Skinner family; Wells, the place where Universalism established itself from New York State and the parish where almost without exception the names of the founders of the parish are preserved in the names of the present adherents, four generations later; Rochester, one of the group of churches established by Hosea Ballou during his Barnard pastorate and the home for many years of "Priest" Guernsey, an apostle of Universalism; Williston, an ancient parish, now out of active existence but the first parish of Rev. J. J. Lewis, loved by Vermonters; Huntingville, P. Q., the most active of our Quebec parishes, where C. P. Mallory all alone established and maintained for a life time a parish which still bears the traces of the Church of England in the richness of its services but an absolutely pure Universalism in its faith; Derby Line, the frontier parish which ministers to three towns, two Canadian and one American; St. Johnsbury Center, one of the oldest Universalist preaching places in the world in the center of that region where Universalism sprang spontaneously out of the hearts and lives of the people and where, without a leader, the "Church of God's Universal Love" divided the adherence of the early settlers with Calvinism. Each of these meeting places will be the objective of a pilgrimage from all surrounding Universalist parishes. All of our churches in the vicinity of Williamsville will be asked to give up their services on July 24 and all in the vicinity of St. Johnsbury Center will be asked to do the same for July 31. We expect a great awakening for Vermont and Quebec. * * **The Cruise of the Unicorn and the Lieon.**—It was the pleasure of the Superintendent, with the assistance of Rev. Frank O. Hokerk of Barre, to handle a personally conducted tour of Vermont for Rev. George E. Huntley, D. D., and Rev. Stanley Manning in the good ships Unicorn and Lieon during the first week in June. The Unicorn is well known now. The Lieon has been rechristened since Dr. Huntley, Mr. Manning and Mr. Hokerk vied in seeing which could tell the largest story during the recent trip. Six hundred and fifty miles through Vermont is a privilege which falls to but few men outside the state. Perfect weather conditions helped. The attendance at the Association meetings was beyond the average. Interest in the Sunday School and Y. P. C. U. Institutes was never failing. St. Johnsbury, Woodsville, N. H. (Northern Association), Richmond (Central Association), Barnard (Green Mountain Association), Guilford (Windham and Bennington Association) and Brattleboro were the places visited. We believe it is good for our denominational officials to know Vermont; we know it is good for Vermont to know our officials.

George F. Fortier.

Southwest Letter

June was Convention month in the Southwest, the Kansas meeting at Junction City being held the second week, and the Missouri meeting at Elmer the third week. Both Conventions were enthusiastic, forward-looking, and constructive. Both were particularly fortunate in having the presence and help of the General Superintendent, Rev. John Smith Lowe, D. D., and the former in having Dr. Joseph M. Tilden, president of Lombard College. A fine act of courtesy was the postponing of its regular services by the Christian Church of Elmer, in order that they might not conflict with our Convention. * * In May, Rev. Fred A. Line, president of the Kansas Convention, and the State Superintendent made an automobile tour of 270 miles through north central Kansas, visiting a number of isolated Universalists in eight different communities, and giving addresses. * * A little later a service was conducted before a large congregation in the Masonic Hall at Clifton. We made the distance of sixty miles each way in Mr. Line's Ford and held the service in one evening. Arrangements are being made for monthly preaching here. * * In June I preached four times at the Opera House in Melvern near the country home of that splendid layman, Albert B. Redmond. At each meeting there were increasing interest and numbers. I also preached at the Methodist church near Mr. Redmond's to a congregation of eighty. We plan to have regular services here in the near future. . . On June 14, a most enjoyable and helpful meeting was held at Hutchinson, when, after a splendid supper, the people listened to a stirring address on the Murray Crusade by Dr. Lowe. * * With the assistance of that generous layman, Thomas W. McDavitt, the women of the

Elmer Church have had the church painted, papered and carpeted. * * The Friendship church, which has been dormant for a decade, has recently held two meetings and expects to have regular preaching hereafter. A community Sunday school with a membership of over one hundred has been organized. * * On the last Sunday in June, I preached in the beautiful little church of Livonia, and plan to continue monthly services there until a pastor can be secured. There are great possibilities in this parish, especially for a Y. P. C. U. and a Sunday school. Where is the young minister with vision who will build something worth while from this material?

James Houghton.

Church News and Interests

DENOMINATIONAL CALENDAR

July 13-19. National Y. P. C. U. Convention, Chicago.

July 16-Sept. 5. Murray Grove, N. J.

July 22-31. Chattanooga Institute.

July 30. Maine State Field Day, Ferry Beach Park.

July 31. National Comrades Sunday, Ferry Beach Park.

July 31-August 21. Ferry Beach Institute.

Aug. 12-14. Texas State Convention, Elgin.

Sept. 11-17. Sunday School and Y. P. C. U. Institute, Chicago.

September 20-22. Illinois State Convention, Galesburg.

Sept. 22-25. North Carolina State Convention, Pink Hill.

Sept. 23. North Carolina Branch W. N. M. A., Pink Hill.

Sept. 26-29. Maine State Convention, Waterville.

Sept. 27-29. New Hampshire State Convention, Nashua.

Oct. 15-18. General Sunday School Association Convention, Detroit.

Oct. 19-23. General Convention, Detroit.

Oct. 19. W. N. M. A. Biennial Convention, Detroit, Mich.

Oct. 22. Biennial meeting, National Order Universalist Comrades, Detroit, Mich.

Conventions and other organizations desiring to be listed in this Calendar should send dates of special events to Rev. Roger F. Etz, Secretary, 359 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.

CHURCH MEMBERS REPORTED IN 1921

Before reported	3,052
Brewton, Ala.	1
Elgin, Ill.	22
Bangor, Me.	14
North Attleboro, Mass.	9
Springfield, Mass.	8
Detroit, Mich.	29
Middleville, N. Y.	7
Concord, N. H.	1
Syracuse, N. Y.	5
Woonsocket, R. I.	3
Bellows Falls, Vt.	12
Wausau, Wis.	40
Malden, Mass.	8
Portland, Me., Congress Square	3
Auburn, Me.	1
Total	3,215

CHRISTENINGS

Before reported, 694. Elgin, Ill., 4; Bangor, Maine, 23; Lawrence, Mass., 3; Palmer, Mass., 20; Springfield, Mass. (St. Paul's), 3; Newport, N. Y., 5; Fort Plain, N. Y., 3; Syracuse, N. Y., 6; Middleville, N. Y., 1; Linesville, Pa., 1; Smithton, Pa., 3; Woonsocket, R. I., 8; Cumberland Four Corners, R. I., 2; Brattleboro, Vt., 2; St. Johnsbury Center, Vt., 6; North Attleboro, Mass., 14; Bellows Falls, Vt., 12; Portland, Me., Congress Square, 9; Kent, Ohio, 2; Malden, Mass., 9; Bristol, N. Y., 8; Hingham, Mass., 8; Jamaica Plain, Mass., 1. Total, 841.

District of Columbia

Washington.—Rev. Henry R. Rose of Newark, N. J., and Dr. J. Fort Newton, of New York, took respectively the last two services in the series arranged by the General Superintendent in which we have heard great leaders of the denomination. Dr. Rose preached on "The Road to Happiness," and Dr. Newton on "The Gospel of the Kingdom of God"—both with power. The church closes until the middle of September.

Illinois

Elgin.—Rev. Frank D. Adams, D. D., pastor. This church held its last service before vacation on June 26, closing one of the most successful years in its history. In spite of the sweltering heat, a congregation of over 300 were in attendance. Five persons united with the church. Seventeen others have been taken in since Easter, making a total of twenty-two since our last report. This makes a grand total of seventy-nine new members since June 1, 1920, the date of the formal opening of the Murray Crusade. Our goal was set for 100, but we shall exceed that before the date of the Detroit Convention. On Children's Day four babies were christened, The Sunday school is "over the top," having doubled its membership since the Crusade began. The newly organized Y. P. C. U. closed its first year of work with a special program Sunday evening, June 12, giving a demonstration of verse-finding and general knowledge of the Bible that astonished all their elders. The Union will be well represented at the Chicago Convention next month. The morning congregations since Sept. 5, 1920, have averaged 350. Services will be resumed the first Sunday in September. The pastor and his family will spend most of their vacation at home.

Indiana

Indianapolis.—Rev. Edwin B. Cunningham, pastor. Rev. Laura Galer, representing the General Sunday School Association, recently visited us and held an interesting meeting with members of the Sunday school. On June 26, in the absence of the pastor, the morning service was conducted by laymen of the church. During the summer the church interior will be redecorated.

Cloverdale.—During the past few months this church has been supplied by Rev. John R. Hand of Crawfordsville. He has been favorably received by large and appreciative congregations. This is a pioneer field and we hope that progressive work may be developed here. Already we have a vision of a Sunday school and a Y. P. C. U. An ice cream social was a great success, notwithstanding a shower that put an end to the festivities before schedule time. The proceeds will be used to purchase new hymn books and for church improvements.

Connecticut

Bridgeport.—Rev. Hal T. Kearns, pastor. The Men's Club, feeling that they could render a large service to the community by bringing together representatives of all groups interested in industrial problems for a frank and friendly discussion, wrote a letter to employers, employment managers, labor leaders and professional men in the city, inviting them to come to a series of three meetings. A goodly number responded to this invitation. Charles O. Frye, ex-service secretary of the Lake Torpedo Boat Co., and a student of industrial problems, led the discussions on "Industrial Co-operation." Mr. Frye's theory is that both capital and labor are entitled to the full share of the contribution they make to production.

Maine

Bethel.—Rev. J. H. Little, pastor. June 26 was observed as Children's Sunday. Two children were christened. Three others were to receive this rite, but sickness at home prevented their being present. The church was decorated with flowers. A choir of young men assisted the school in the singing, and the program was said to be the best we have ever had on such an occasion. Much of the credit goes to the superintendent of the Sunday school, Mrs. W. B. Twaddle, who directed the exercises.

Bangor.—Rev. A. A. Smith, pastor. On Sunday, June 26, twenty-three children were christened, and on Sunday, June 5, fourteen were received into the church, in addition to the large number (forty-four) received at Easter.

Massachusetts

North Attleboro.—Rev. H. E. Latham, pastor. Children's Day was a red letter day. The church was filled. The Sunday school, marching in at the beginning of the service, made a splendid showing. Fourteen children were christened. Each mem-

ber of the school received a plant. On June 26 at the communion service nine people united with the church, five being men, and there being three married couples in the group. This makes forty-five accessions in the last six months. Another group will be ready to come in in October. During the summer extensive repairs will be made on the organ.

Lawrence.—Rev. C. G. Robbins, D. D., pastor. This church, after a successful year, closed June 26 for the summer. The pastor and his family will be at their summer home in Camden, Maine. The Sunday congregations have increased, averaging over two hundred each Sunday. Recently Dr. Robbins exchanged pulpits with the pastor of the Central Methodist Church. He also preached at Washington, D. D., in April, and gave the baccalaureate sermon at Dean Academy. At the Minstrel Show, given by the Men's Club, about $500 was cleared. Our church was largely represented at the State Convention in Melrose. Next year the Convention will be held in Lawrence. Children's Day was observed June 12. Three babies were christened. Following this service, a beautiful bronze Service Tablet was unveiled, given by the Wm. E. Gibbs class, with the help of different organizations of the church. Rev. Donald Gerrish of the Methodist Church gave the dedicatory address, and the Boy Scouts and a G. A. R. veteran assisted in the service. Three of our young people will go to Ferry Beach as delegates to the Y. P. C. U. Institute. We are all happy over the honor which has come to our pastor through the conferring of the degree of D. D. by Tufts College.

Palmer.—Rev. A. N. Foster, pastor. Children's Sunday was observed June 19. Classes were grouped on the platform in turn, dressed in costume to represent the children of the Old Testament, the children of the Huguenots, the children of the Pilgrims, and the children of the present day. The program evidenced that the children had had careful training. Twenty children were christened.

Springfield, St. Paul's.—Rev. Delmar E. Trout, pastor. Children's Day was observed June 5, when eight young people from the Sunday school united with the church and three babies were christened. On June 26, the Springfield Commandery Knights Templars and all Masonic orders of the city observed St. John's Day as the guests of our church, about five hundred people attending. Mr. Trout, who is a thirty-second degree Mason and a Knight Templar, preached on "Witnesses to God's Truth." Miss Rena Bradley leaves July 11 to enter her work as camp leader at Camp Murray, Northfield. Mr. Trout and family are to spend July and August at Rockport. Dr. C. E. Rice, pastor emeritus, his wife and son will be at their summer home in Westminster, Vt., most of the summer, making frequent trips to Springfield. Otis Rice expects to enter Harvard in the fall.

Michigan

Detroit.—Rev. Charles F. Patterson, pastor. At the annual meeting reports from all departments had the same story to tell—progress and prosperity. A score or more of new families during the year and twenty-nine members at Easter mark our efforts to reach the goal set by the Murray Crusade. By unanimous vote, Mr. Patterson continues as pastor for the coming year. The church will be closed during July and August while being put in shape for the General Convention in October.

New Hampshire

Concord.—Rev. H. H. Niles, pastor. The last services before vacation were held June 26 with the usual good attendance. One member was received into the church. During the vacation extensive improvements are to be made in the lower part of the church for the better accommodation of the social activities, which have increased largely under the leadership of Mr. Niles. The pastor has preached several Sunday afternoons at Nottingham, where he will spend his vacation with his family, holding regular services there during the summer. On June 25, a union Sunday school picnic was held at Contoocook River Park, all the Protestant churches in the city participating. This picnic was proposed by Mr. Niles, who was on the committee of arrangements. The various Sunday schools and all others caring to participate met at their respective churches at 9.30 a. m., thence falling in line for a parade, nearly a mile in length, which marched up Main Street to the State House, there taking cars for the park. Automobiles were decorated with banners. Every church was well represented, but in proportion to the size of the several societies, the Universalists were well in the lead. Business men left their offices and stores to march in the procession. The last of a series of union services, participated in by all the Protestant churches of the city, except the Episcopalians, was held June 26 at the Baptist church. Universalists took a prominent part in the arrangements, Mr. Niles serving on the committee, and Dr. F. O. Hall preaching at the third meeting, June 19, to a large audience.

New York

Fort Plain.—Rev. H. F. Moulton, pastor. Children's Day was the biggest and best ever. The slogan was "Say it with your presence," and some five hundred responded. A splendid cantata was given. Three children were christened.

Middleville.—Rev. A. N. Lindsay, pastor. Mr. Lindsay is beginning his third year's work with this parish with a substantial increase in salary. The church is being extensively renovated, and will soon be ready for rededication.

Newport.—Rev. and Mrs. Stanard D. Butler have returned from their Southern trip to their summer home in Gravesville, N. Y. Mr. Butler has resumed his pastorate at Newport, and this church counts itself as fortunate in being so near Gravesville that his services are available. Five children were christened June 26.

Ohio

Brimfield.—Services were held here June 26 for the first time in two years. Rev. G. C. Baner delivered the sermon, and Rev. E. A. Lewis read the scripture and offered prayer. About eight automobiles brought people from Akron and several cars came filled with friends from Kent. We have voted to reorganize and start regular services here with Rev. E. A. Lewis supplying the pulpit every Sunday afternoon.

Pennsylvania

Linesville.—Rev. J. L. Dowson, pastor. Fine exercises on Children's Sunday! One child was christened. Mr. Dowson preached to the Odd Fellows and Rebekahs June 19. The generous gift of $1000 to the church from George Stratton was greatly appreciated.

Smithton.—Rev. J. L. Dowson, pastor. The church has been thoroughly renovated inside and out at a cost of $1600. Rededication services were held June 26, when Rev. E. C. Sweetser, D. D., preached in the morning and Mr. Dowson in the evening. The Sunday school, under the direction of Miss Sue Smith, is in a flourishing condition. We sent two delegates to the State Convention at Linesville, who report an interesting and profitable time.

Vermont

Brattleboro.—Rev. Edwin Wood, pastor. On June 6 a reception was given to Mr. and Mrs. Wood. A pleasant evening was spent, a large number availing themselves of the opportunity of meeting the new pastor and his wife. Children's Sunday was observed June 26, when two children were christened. The church was profusely decorated with roses, daisies and other flowers. In our Sunday school hangs a picture of "Christ Questioning the Doctors," by Hofmann. We especially prize this picture because it was the gift of two classes of boys. On the evening of June 10 Rev. Stanley Manning was with us, and gave an interesting address.

Wisconsin

Wausau.—Rev. W. J. Taylor, pastor. This church is taking its place among those which are doing their part financially in the denomination. It recently gave $75 for the Chinese Relief, $300 for the Japan Home, $500 for Japan, and last week one business man gave $10,000 to Lombard college. The money has been forwarded and work begun on a much needed improvement. This church in co-operation with the Methodist church is running a Daily Bible School throughout the summer, with an enrollment of 104. Mr. Taylor will tour Minnesota and Wisconsin Lake regions by auto during the summer.

UNIVERSALIST MINISTERS

The week of Aug. 14-22 is set aside as Ministers' Week at Murray Grove. Let every minister among us be at the Grove that week, at least as many as can come. We want to launch a Ministers' Institute and develop a Summer School of such worth as our genius can produce. I have asked two of our most resourceful ministers to help us get to going. Professor Atwood has been thinking the matter over and will give us the benefit of his wisdom. He will be one of the Sunday school instructors the week following the time set for our get-together. Come and stay for two weeks with us.

Write me at 174-a West End Ave., Binghamton, N. Y., till July 14, after that date write to Forked River, N. J.

Chas. E. Petty,
Chariman of Program Committee.

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Notices

NATIONAL CONVENTION

Official Call

The thirty-third annual meeting of the Young People's Christian Union of the Universalist Church (incorporated) will be held in Chicago, Ill., beginning at 7.30 p. m., July 13, 1921.

This meeting is for the purpose of receiving reports and for the election of officers for the ensuing year and for the transaction of any other business that may legally come before it.

Louis F. Merlin, Secretary.

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Y. P. C. U. AT CHICAGO

Tentative Program

Wednesday, July 13. 7.30 p. m. Opening Song Service. Call to Order; Official Call; Roll Call. Addresses of Welcome. Response and President's Annual Address. Keynote Address: Rev. Fred A. Line, Junction City, Kan.

July 14. 9 a. m. Missionary Prayer Meeting. Leader, Rev. Stanley Manning. Business: Official Reports.

1.30 p. m. Mission Study Classes. School of Union Methods. Rest and Recreation.

7.30 p. m. Vesper Service. "Christian Stewardship of Money." Mass Meeting. Song Service. Address: Mr. Arthur Nash, Cincinnati, O. "Religion in Industry."

July 15. 9 a. m. Missionary Prayer Meeting. Leader, Rev. Stanley Manning. Business. Preliminary Reports of Session Committees.

1.30 p. m. Mission Study Classes. School of Union Methods. Rest and Recreation.

7.30 p. m. Vesper Service. "Christian Stewardship of Time." Mass Meeting. Song Service. Addresses: Rev. Nelson Lobdell, recently of Shizuoka, Japan. Rev. Warren Ballou Brigham, Boston, Mass., "The Flaming Cross."

July 16. 6.30 a. m. Quiet Hour Service. Subject, "Christian Stewardship of Life," Mr. Lambert J. Case, Muncie, Ind. 8.30 a. m. Missionary Prayer Meeting. Leader, Rev. Stanley Manning. Mission Study Classes. Business. Final Reports. New Business.

Afternoon for rest and recreation.

5 p. m. Reception at Ryder House.

6.30 p. m. Convention Banquet.

8.30 p. m. Pageant.

July 17. 10 a. m. Communion Service in charge of Rev. L. Ward Brigham, D. D., of St. Paul's on the Midway. Morning Worship. Occasional Sermon.

3 p. m. Service of Silence. Consecration Service. Conducted by Rev. George Cross Baner, Akron, O.

7.30 p. m. Closing Mass Meeting. Address: Rev. John Smith Lowe, D. D.

July 18. Excursions and pleasure parties.

7.30 p. m. Play, "The Prophet of Good Luck," presented by Y. P. C. U. of Muncie, Ind.

July 19. Excursions and pleasure parties.

MURRAY GROVE ASSOCIATION

Program for 1921

July 16. Opening Day.

July 17. Morning Sermon, Rev. C. E. Petty.

July 18-23. Chapel Talks, "The Meaning of Faith."

July 24. Morning sermon, preacher to be announced. Evening Conference, "OurGreatest Work."

July 25-30. Chapel Talks, "Social Service."

July 31. Morning sermon, preacher to be announced.

Aug. 1-6. Chapel Talks, "The Spirit of Democracy."

Aug. 7. Morning sermon, Dr. C. C. Clark. Evening Conference, "Am I My Brother's Keeper?"

Aug. 8-13. Chapel Talks, "The Great Missionaries."

Aug. 13. Birthday party. Ida Smith, Scranton, Pa., director.

Aug. 14. Morning sermon, preacher to be announced. Evening Conference, "What I Would Do with Murray Grove."

Aug. 15-20. Chapel Talks, "The Manhood of the Master."

Aug. 18. Annual Meeting.

Aug. 19-20. The Fair.

Aug. 21. Morning sermon. Dr. J. M. Atwood. Evening Conference, "Why Be Good."

Aug. 22-27. Chapel Talks, "With the Future Men and Women of the Universalist Church." 9-12, each day, Sunday School Institute, Dr. Huntley, director

Aug. 28. Morning sermon, Dr. Huntley. Evening address, Dr. J. M. Atwood.

Aug. 29-Sept. 3. Chapel Talks, "The Spirit of Youth." Y. P. C. U. Week, Rev. Stanley Manning, Director.

Sept. 4. Morning sermon, Rev. Stanley Manning. Evening Conference.

Sept. 5. Field Day.

Sept. 6. Closing Day

One evening each week will be given to story-telling, another to games and another to dramatics. There will be boating, sailing, bathing and fishing.

Rates $14 to $17 a week. For further information write to Rev. Chas. E. Petty, 174 West End Ave., Binghamton, N. Y.

Chas. E. Petty.

* *

MURRAY GROVE ASSOCIATION

House opens July 16 and closes Sept. 5. Write Rev. Charles E. Petty, 174 West End Ave., Binghamton, N. Y., for reservations.

* *

MURRAY GROVE FAIR

Having accepted the chairmanship of the Fair to be held at Murray Grove in August, I solicit contributions, either in money or useful and fancy articles.

The receipts each year are used for the maintenance of the place so sacred to all Universalists.

All contributions should be plainly marked and sent to Helen M. Buckwalter, 6731 N. Broad Street, Philadelphia, before Aug. 1, after that to Helen M. Buckwalter, Murray Grove House, Forked River, N.J.

* *

FERRY BEACH FAIR

The Ladies' Aid Society of Ferry Beach plan to have their Fair Aug. 9. We ask from all friends of our work contributions of useful and fancy articles or money. The receipts each year are expended in making needed improvements and adding to the service of Ferry Beach. Please mark your contributions plainly and send them to Mrs. William R. Thomson, 11 Akron St., Roxbury, Mass., or Mrs Arthur Soule, Kingfield, Me., before July 15. After that date forward them to Hotel Quillen, Ferry Beach, Park, Old Orchard, Me.

Mrs. Arthur Soule, Chairman.
Mrs. William R. Thompson, President.

* *

MURRAY GROVE NOTE

Trains will run to Murray Grove from May 15 to October 1 inclusive. Ticket should be purchased to Forked River.

WANTED

Fifteen hundred men to attend the National Convention at Detroit, Mich., Oct. 19-23. Saturday, Oct. 22, will be Comrades Day. A big program is planned. Live men at this Convention means a live future for our Church. Sign up without delay. Now is the time to plan for the trip.

Lewis L. Peck,
National Transportation and Publicity Manager

* *

NEW HAMPSHIRE COMMITTEE OF FELLOWSHIP

Rev. Clarence F. McIntire has been transferred to the Vermont Convention, subject to the action of the Fellowship Committee of that Convention.

Robert N. French, Acting Clerk.

* *

UNDAY SCHOOLS OF MAINE TAKE NOTICE

Fifty Song and Scripture books to be given away.

Any Sunday school needing new books please correspond with Lewis L. Peck, President State of Maine Chapter Universalist Comrades, Lewiston, Me.

* *

NEW SUNDAY SCHOOLS WANTED

We desire to organize Sunday schools in connection with or independent of existing churches. Where even two or three can be gathered for the purpose of religious education it is possible to have a Sunday school. We are ready to help financially and in every other possible manner Write at once to

The General Sunday School Association,
359 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.

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A Universalist Institution

14 Worcester St., Boston, Mass.

The managers of the Bethany Union for Young Women desire to call attention to this organization, which offers the advantages of a comfortable, quiet and agreeable home at a low cost for those young women with only moderate means of support who come to this city for work or study. It is located at 14 Worcester St., Boston, and is within easy access of the elevated trains and surface cars to all parts of the city. The price of rooms with board, including light and heat, is $4.50 and $5.50 per week, for permanent guests.

During the summer months there are accommodations for women unattended who may wish to visit Boston for a few days at a time. For such transients the price is $1.25 a day.

For further information please address the Superintendent, Miss Ruth E. Hersey, 14 Worcester St., Boston.

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The Convention acts as Trustee for funds given or bequeathed to Local Parishes.

Funds may be given to the Convention, the giver to receive an Annuity, and, at his death, the money will be devoted to Universalist purposes.

For particulars address,

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Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
How I wonder where you are;
High above I see you shine,
But, according to Einstein,
You are not where you pretend,
You are just around the bend;
And your sweet seductive ray
Has been leading men astray
All these years—O little star,
Don't you know how bad you are?
Science and Invention.

* *

Speaking of Amy Lowell's verse the other day, Edwin Arlington Robinson said, "Some of it would make good material for real poetry." That's what we like about Brother Arl—he's so goodhearted that he can always find something good in everything.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

* *

A scientist predicts that the end of the earth will be glacial. In other words, the coal trust will outlive the ice trust.—*Greenville (S. C.) Piedmont.*

* *

First Stenog. (reading): "Think of those Spaniards going 3,000 miles on a galleon!"

Second Stenog.: "Aw, forget it. Yuh can't believe all yuh hear about them foreign cars."—*New York American.*

* *

First Egg: "Let's speak to those girls in the corner."

Second Egg: "'Sno use; they are telephone girls."

First Egg: "What of it?"

Second Egg: "They won't answer."—*Pitt Panther.*

* *

"Do you go out a great deal?"

"We never go anywhere. We pay such high rent we have to stay in to get the worth of our money."—*Life.*

* *

Old Lady: "I hope you don't sell papers on Sunday."

Small Newsboy (sadly): "No'm, I ain't big enuf to carry the Sunday 'ditions yit."—*Virginia Reel.*

* *

"Don't people who talk behind your back annoy you?"

"Yes, especially in a theater."—*Saskatoon (Can.) Phoenix.*

* *

Husband: "That new maid is certainly quiet. One would never know that she was about the place."

Wife: "She isn't."—*Tit-Bits.*

* *

College Freshman (to fair co-ed): "Have you read 'Beowulf'?"

"No, but I've read 'B'rer Rabbit.' Isn't Uncle Remus adorable?"—*Life.*

* *

Man reaps what he sows, unless he is an amateur gardener.—*Washington Herald.*

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